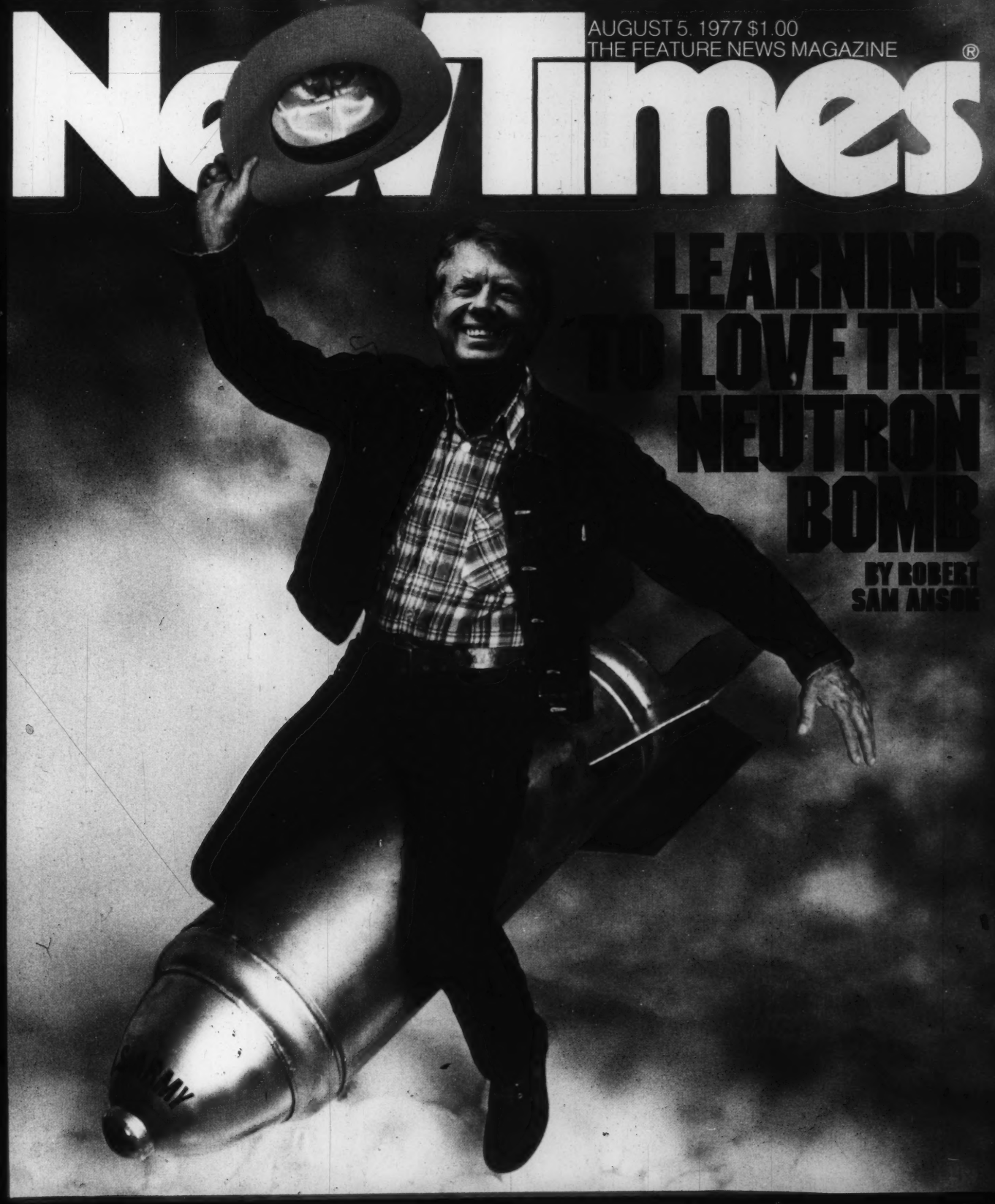
The wizard of rock by Lucian K. Truscott IV ☐ Aborting abortion reform
Freaking out in the control tower ☐ Kissing off celebrity journalism
A new movie from Disney ☐ Abby Rockefeller and her toilet by Arthur Lubow

AUGUST 5, 1977 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

New Times®



LEARNING TO LOVE THE NEUTRON BOMB

BY ROBERT SAM ANSON

CAMPARI INSTEAD.

You're having a long hard day around the pool and you're ready to have your usual favorite summer drink.

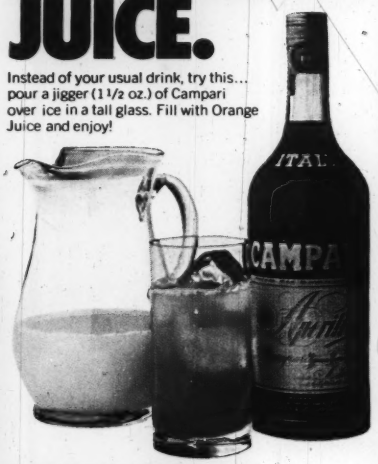
But today you feel like making waves. So you do something different. You have Campari & Orange Juice instead.

A long, cool drink of Campari & Orange Juice makes a satisfying light drink around the pool or patio. It's perfect before lunch or dinner.

That unique, tongue-tingling flavor of Campari is a nice change of pace from the drink you ask for out of habit. Soon you may even find yourself getting into a happy new habit: having Campari instead.

CAMPARI & ORANGE JUICE.

Instead of your usual drink, try this... pour a jigger (1 1/2 oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with Orange Juice and enjoy!



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Memo from Nick Niles, Advertising Director

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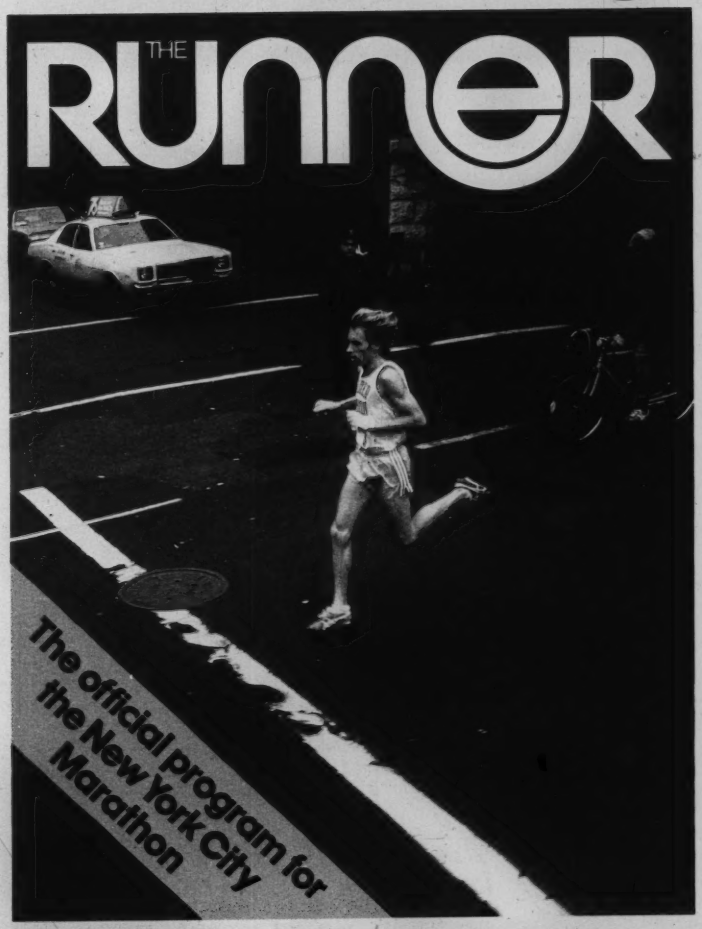

Published by New Times

THE RUN

On October 23, the streets of New York will once again set the stage for an extraordinary event: the annual New York City Marathon.

Some five thousand runners including the best marathoners in the world will undertake the 26 mile, 385 yard course. Bill Rodgers, who won the race last year, and 1972 Olympic champion, Frank Shorter, who finished second to Rodgers, will head the finest contingent of world-class stars ever to be assembled outside of the Olympic Games. Beginning at the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, the course winds its way through the five boroughs and finishes in Central Park at the Tavern-on-the-Green. Last year half a million people viewed the race which has become one of the most colorful and thrilling sports events in America.

The official program will be a true collector's item, listing the names and numbers of all the men and women entrants. It will have more than 76 pages of reading on America's fastest growing sport as well as information on the Big Race. Printed on quality stock, the Program will be on sale for two weeks at key newsstands and sporting stores. It will also be sold along the course on the day of the race.

– Title	THE RUNNER
– Publisher	NEW TIMES MAGAZINE
– Total Pages	Minimum: 76; Quality paper stock
– Cover Price	$2.00
– Print Run	100,000
– Geographic Distribution	5 boroughs
– On Sale Date	October 11 (thru October 23)
– Distribution Points	Sporting goods stores, selected newsstands, YMCA's, YWCA's, etc.

On the day of the Marathon (Oct. 23), THE RUNNER will be sold by high school track teams along the course of the race.

THE RUNNER represents an exciting opportunity to bring your advertising message to the hundreds and thousands of spectators of the race, as well as participate in New York City's premier sporting event. Please see page 3 for advertising rates.

We hope to see you there!

Mark Nuko

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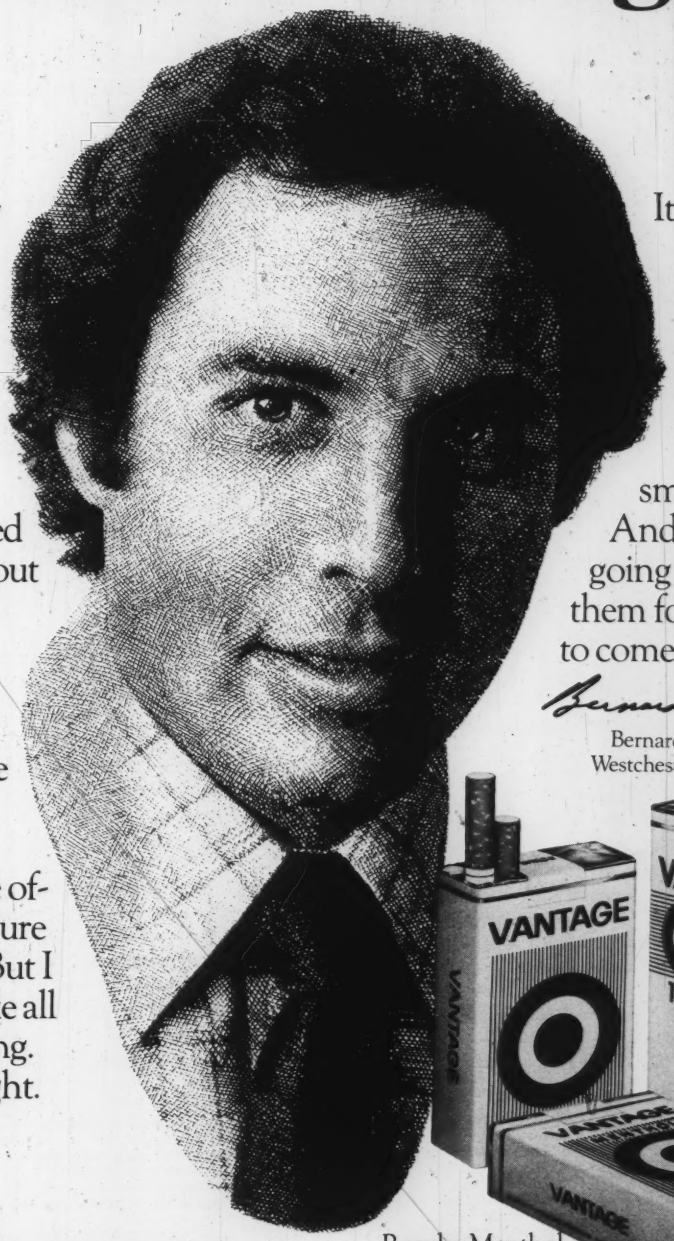
"Vantage is solving a lot of my problems about smoking."



"You see, I really enjoy smoking. To me, it's a pleasure. But it was no pleasure hearing all the things being said against high-tar cigarettes.

"Of course, I used to kid myself a lot about giving up the taste of my old high-tar cigarette for one of those new low-tar brands. But every one I tried left my taste unsatisfied.

"Then someone offered me a Vantage. Sure I'd read about them. But I thought they were like all the others. I was wrong.

"Vantage was right. It satisfied like my old brand. Yet it had nearly half the tar.

"It's been about a year since I started smoking Vantage. And it looks like I'm going to be smoking them for a long time to come."

Bernard Schoenfeld

Bernard Schoenfeld
Westchester, New York

Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar"; 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

New Times

AUGUST 5, 1977
VOLUME 9, NUMBER 3

The Neutron Bomb

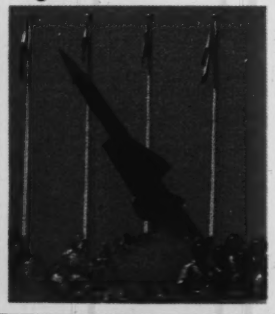
Scoop Jackson chomped peanuts; Hubert Humphrey said, "I trust this president"; George McGovern rolled his eyes to the ceiling. And so the Senate proceeded to approve the construction of the neutron warhead. And why not? As Strom Thurmond put it, it is terrific at killing people, and "the enemy is people."

By Robert Sam Anson
Page 24

This side of Doomsday

Welcome to the exotic world of Mutual Assured Destruction—MAD.

By Donald Neff
Page 33



Composting the sixties

Attempting to mesh the realism of the seventies with the idealism of the sixties, heiress Abby Rockefeller stumbled upon the Clivus Multrum. Instead of buying bonds, she bought a toilet that churns out fertilizer.

By Arthur Lubow
Page 38

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY RON DE MILT
CARTER'S HEAD PHOTO
BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Out of control

Relaxing on board a DC-10, preparing for landing, passengers rarely worry about the emotional stability, drinking problems or suicidal tendencies of the man in the control tower. Perhaps they should.

By David Martindale
Page 45

Inside the Hotel California

Is rock and roll dead? Or even dying? The Record Plant's Gary Kellgren, the wasted wizard of wax, the engineering master who the biggies turn to for hits, thinks it is.

By Lucian K. Truscott IV
Page 53

Party Lines
In Northern Ireland, the Catholics are the blacks.
By Robert Shrum
Page 6

Environment
Agent Orange finally bites the dust.
By Dan Zwerdling
Page 13

Human Rights
Abortion: the Vietnam of the 70s.
By Magda Denes
Page 17

The Insider Page 18

REVIEWS

Music: George Clinton's message: don't fake the funk
Funk challenges punk as the newest rage.
By Ken Tucker
Page 62

Records
Cool rock: little ventured, millions gained
By Jim Miller
Page 63

Books: How do I love thee? Let me count the blurbs
Just who writes those glowing book endorsements . . . and why.
By Geoffrey Wolff
Page 64

Movies: More Disneyfied mice—what would Walt have said?
New mouse adventures, minus Mickey, in *The Rescuers*.
By Richard Corliss
Page 66

Final Tribute
To the stars, even hatchet jobs are acceptable.
By Marie Brenner
Page 68

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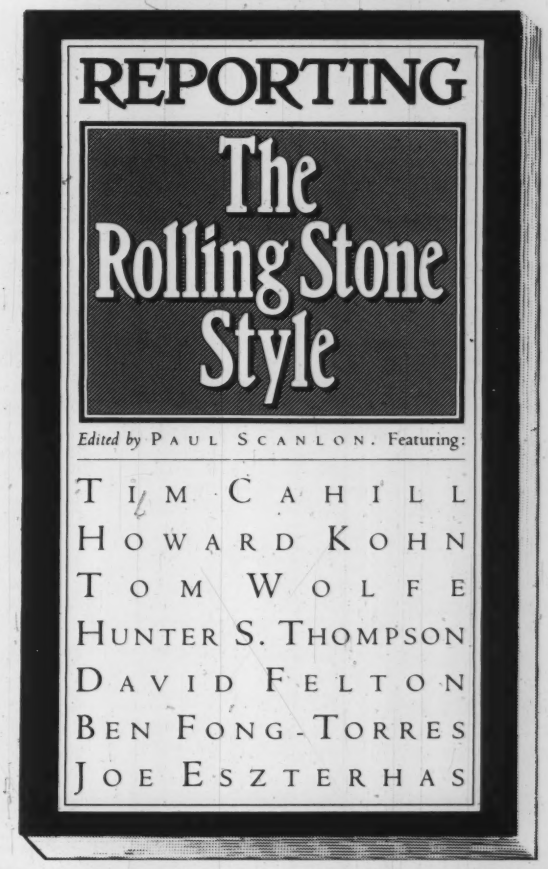

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274811* RITA COOLIDGE — Anytime...Anywhere (A&M)

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269209* BOSTON — More Than A Feeling (EPIC)

272104 TOM JONES — SAY YOU'LL STAY UNTIL TOMORROW (EPIC)

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Every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, simply fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified.

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Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

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349/F77

Across the sea in Ireland

Biafra, Bangladesh, the South Bronx: we grow numb to the ceaseless violence that everywhere brutalizes our time. As a matter of course, we accept—in the words of Walter Cronkite's nightly sign-off—that "that's the way it is." But the reality is infinitely more searing than the news films we see on Channel 2.

Should you ever go across the sea to Ireland, and then drive through the North, you will confront—as I just have—the rending way it really is in the first of Britain's colonies, now one of the world's last colonial battlegrounds. On the highways, British patrols randomly stop and search cars at rifle-point. (Some law enforcement habits seemingly are the same worldwide: "If you're young and have long hair, you're sure to be stopped," says an American diplomat who's served in Belfast.) Turning onto the bridge into Derry, you see one of many similarly ominous billboards: "If you have any information about murders, explosions, and serious crimes, call 62340. In complete confidence."

Down to its very name, Derry typifies the conflict that has killed 1,750 people since 1969. Protestant hard-liners call the city Londonderry, insisting on the suffix the English imposed in 1613 as a mark of their conquest. Soldiers are everywhere, in pill boxes, tanks, and half-tracks. Machine-gun emplacements nestle among the shops of the commercial district. An unknown auto parked on the street will be set fire immediately; it could be a car bomb. Derry's medieval stone wall has been restored and reinforced: on top, its steel spikes and barbed wire glisten dimly in the gray rain. Facing the wall are rows of blown-out storefronts and cemented windows.

Security forces frisk everyone passing through the city gates, but Derry's Catholics have to go through the search more often; it is part of their long heritage of injustice. By law, for over two centuries, Catholics were not allowed to live within the city walls, and their homes are still crammed into a grimy, exterior bottomland called Bogside. In 1969, militant Protestants rained insults and pennies from the walls down on the Catholic neighborhood below. They were celebrating—in effect, reenacting—the 1690 victory of the Protestant over the Catholic claimant to the British throne; fittingly, the Protestants' annual holiday is known as "King Bully's Day."

To an outsider, it seems fantastic that the religious wars of the Reformation should be refought in 1977. But in Ireland, "religion long ago became a badge of identity, a matter of economic status," explains John Hume, the young Catholic leader of the non-violent Social Democratic Labor Party. The British appropriated Irish land and imported hundreds of thousands of Scottish Protestants to occupy it. During the great potato famine of the 1840s, a million Irishmen died while their English overlords danced away another glittering social season in Dublin Castle.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILLES PERESS/MAGNUM

When most of Ireland won its independence in 1921, London kept six northern counties with a population two-thirds Protestant and one-third Catholic. And it is in those counties that economic discrimination along religious lines has continued to this day.

Unemployment among Catholic men, John Hume reports, traditionally has been 20 to 40 percent, much higher than among Protestants. Derry, where 60 percent of the population is Catholic, was gerrymandered to assure the Protestants' political control. (A housing project for Derry's Catholics was built on the only playground in the Bogside to preserve the gerrymandering.) Asked if an upper-middle-class neighborhood in Belfast was "Protestant," an American diplomat answered: "Yes, prosperous. Prosperous and Protestant are usually interchangeable terms."

William Baird, a Protestant extremist who heads a wing of Northern Ireland's Unionist Party, claims that Catholics have been treated "better" than Protestants: "They have 70 percent of the public housing"—a standard that would make Harlem's blacks the best-off people in New York City. "The Catholics *are* the blacks of Northern Ireland," observes an Irish intellectual. "It's too bad they don't have different skin; the UN would be on their side." The first Catholic civil rights protests in the North came in 1964. Protestant leaders fiercely resisted even minor concessions. "Their mentality has not been very different from Ian Smith and the Rhodesians," says John Hume. "Their attitude has been: we hold what we have; not one inch will we give." By the early 1970s,

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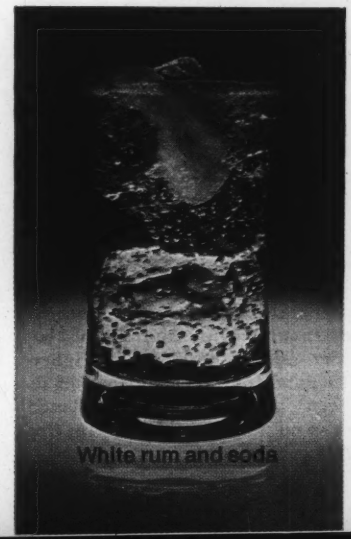

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the Irish Republican Army was waging a full-scale guerrilla war.

But in the last year, after seven years of civil strife, moderation at last has gained a little ground. Irish Republic Prime Minister Jack Lynch and Desmond FitzGerald, foreign minister in the Republic's previous government and now the leader of the opposition party, both are ready to forgo for the moment the Republic's traditional demand for a united Ireland. Instead, they favor an interim solution for the North, under which Catholics would be guaranteed a share of the power in a fairly elected government. Catholic leader John Hume regards such a compromise as essential: "We need a period of reconciliation and working together during which our politics becomes one of issues rather than 17th century religious quarrels." Several Protestant spokesmen now sound a similar note of moderation, most notably and surprisingly William Craig, a former Northern Ireland Prime Minister who just three years ago was one of the worst of the Catholic baiters. Craig now favors "a broad-based governing coalition, including both Protestants and Catholics."

This move toward reason, however, faces formidable obstacles. First, the Protestant moderates foresee power sharing as, in Craig's words, "a gentlemen's agreement, not a formal part of the Constitution," while Catholics like Hume consider a formal guarantee vital. More fundamentally, moderate Protestants and Catholics disagree about the ultimate goal of compromise. Hume—like Lynch and FitzGerald—envisions "power sharing as part of a step-by-step process toward one Ireland, perhaps some form of federation." Craig, on the other hand, says that it could be politically disastrous for a Protestant leader to publicly support even a mild form of federation.

The extremists remain a powerful force in Northern Ireland. Under the direction of Enoch Powell, a racist Tory driven out of the British Conservative Party who has found a new political homeland in Belfast, Protestant hard-liners wrecked a power-sharing agreement at the last minute in 1974. And the Unionist party's William Baird now says flatly: "There is no possibility of compromise." Baird darkly warns that Catholicism leads to Communism, ascribing Eastern Europe's subjugation to the Pope instead of the Soviet Army. Sitting in the Europa Hotel in Belfast (which has been bombed 32 times, despite its electric fence and guards), he surrealistically suggests that "the solution here is more security. For 50 years we had a security force whose record was second to none" (for brutality and repression, according to Amnesty International).

Still, the moderates may have a chance. Recently, Catholics themselves have been informing on IRA plans and activities in their neighborhoods, and consequently the terrorism has been reduced. But a U.S. diplomat cautions: "Potentially, the IRA is as strong or stronger than ever." And William Craig fears that "the time for compromise is running out." If actual progress does not come quickly, he anticipates "a wave of violence." The IRA could in fact become the Viet Cong of Ireland: always on the run, but always coming back.

One reason for the IRA's current relative weakness is the withdrawal of financial aid from the American Irish community. Senator Edward Kennedy, House Speaker Tip O'Neill, and New York Governor Hugh Carey have campaigned privately and spoken strongly in public for the cut-off. "It would help," adds an American intelligence source, "if right-wing fundamentalist groups in the U.S. would stop helping Paisley" (the Reverend Ian Paisley, self-proclaimed head of his own Protestant sect in Northern Ireland and a member of the British Parliament, who doesn't hate Catholics, "just Catholicism"). Paisley says that his best friend in the United States is South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond; Thurmond, according to State Department reports, has privately raised money for Paisley, who in turn has passed it on to Protestant terrorists.

At times Northern Ireland seems fated to an endless agony. Each good turn seems to bring a bad one. Thus, the peace movement that spontaneously emerged last year and recruited thousands of both faiths in Belfast and Derry may be nearing a self-destructive crisis. Reports are circulating among Irish Republic officials that two of the movements' three leaders face an impending financial scandal. "Nothing could be better for the extremists," one official notes.

And there is the haunting memory of the 300-year-old Protestant cathedral in Derry. That house of prayer also serves as a memorial arsenal of the flintlock pistols, the bullets and the trophies of the Protestant victory of 1690. On one wall, a venerable broadside denounces "Papist lyes." A cannonball mounted reverently in the vestibule silently echoes the old extremist hymn that Catholic "blood did flow in crimson streams" because "the Lord was on [the Protestant] side." And on the cathedral's lectern, the Bible is open to chapter 3, verse 19 of the Book of Nahum. For eight centuries, since Henry II of England first invaded, that verse has been an epitaph for Ireland: "There is no healing of thy bruise; thy wound is grievous." ●

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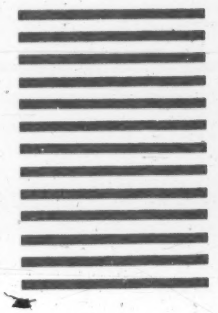

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The immolation of Agent Orange

Somewhere in a forsaken spot in the Pacific Ocean today, the special poison-incinerating vessel *Vulcanus* is burning 710,000 gallons of deadly Agent Orange.

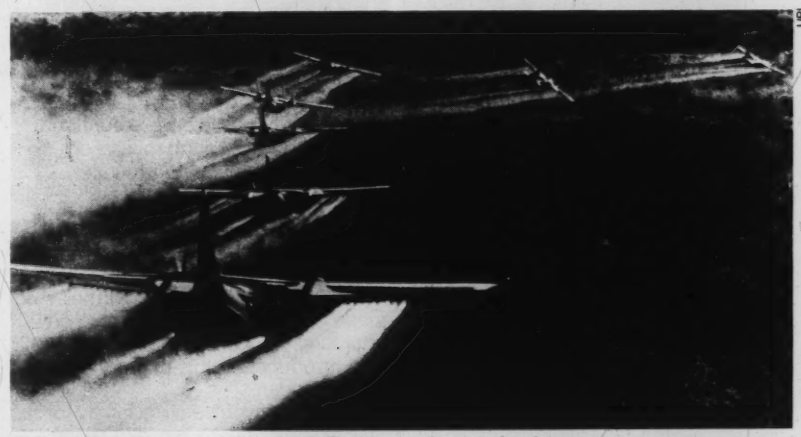
Remember Orange? That's the notorious herbicide formula which U.S. warplanes sprayed in massive quantities to defoliate five million acres of Vietnamese jungles and croplands at the height of the Indochina war. The poison, a blend of the herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T that is principally manufactured by Dow Chemical and Monsanto, made entire jungles and fields of grain literally burst themselves to death in a frenzy of growth. Some researchers predict that Vietnam's once-lush mangrove forests won't grow back for at least 100 years.

But the scandal erupted over the effects Agent Orange might exert on people. Saigon newspapers exploded in the summer of 1969 with sensational exposés, charging there was an epidemic of deformed babies born in areas where Orange had been sprayed. The U.S. military scoffed, but three months later a secret government study was leaked, showing 2,4,5-T causes birth defects in laboratory animals. The worst chemical culprit in the herbicide was a manufacturing byproduct called dioxin, a super-poison which kills animals and deforms their babies at doses so miniscule—in the several hundred parts per *trillion* range—that until recently scientists could not even measure it. Dioxin, said the Environmental Protection Agency, is perhaps "the most toxic small molecule known to man."

The stories are yellowed newsprint memories today, but back then they were front-page passions. College protesters chanted epithets at Dow recruiters, and members of Congress delivered stinging attacks on the Agent Orange chemical warfare ("one of the most fearful and noxious defoliants ever known to man," one called it). Even the politically tactful Surgeon General warned 2,4,5-T might be "an imminent hazard to women of childbearing age." Finally, the Pentagon bowed to White House and public pressures and banned Orange from its Vietnam arsenal. And ever since, the Air Force has been stuck with 40,000 corroding and leaking steel drums of the disgraced poison—2.3 million gallons considered so deadly that no states would allow it to be burned inside their borders. For a while a private company planned to buy the Orange, filter out the dioxin, and sell the "purified" poison on the commercial market—but the plan was dropped because scientists couldn't figure out what to do with the super-deadly dioxin wastes. Brazil was eager to buy the surplus, but word leaked out that Brazil reportedly planned to use the herbicide in its paramilitary war against Amazon Basin natives, and the sale was blocked. So the Air Force has surrendered its troubled poisons to the 2500° furnances of the Dutch ship *Vulcanus*. Starting July 14, the first batch of the remains of Agent Orange began going up in smoke.

There's quite an irony in all this. While the government obliterates Agent Orange at midocean in an impressive display of safety—shipmates have donned gas masks and special throw-away clothing; sophisticated sensors are taking regular readings to assure that scarcely a molecule of 2,4,-D, 2,4,5-T or dioxin escapes—while the government indulges in this public ritual, vast quantities of birth deforming and possibly cancer-causing 2,4-D, birth deforming 2,4,5-T and super-poison dioxin are being sprayed in a chemical war across the entire nation.

Since the 1940s, 2,4-D has been sprayed on more acres than any other weed killer in America: farmers rank it as one of their favorite herbicides on corn. And dioxin-contaminated 2,4,5-T is sprayed each year over millions of acres of cattle pastures, rice crops, power line rights-of-way and national forests. The level of dioxin in this commercial 2,4,5-T is now much lower than in Agent Orange, but it has been sprayed in far vaster amounts over millions more acres for decades longer than the variety in Vietnam. "Our use of 2,4,5-T is increasing," a U.S. Forest Service spokesman told me cheerfully. "We'll spray it on 45 national forests in 22 states and Puerto Rico this year."


UPI

Defoliating Vietnam: With 2,4,5-T, the war has come home

Since the Vietnam war scandal, scientists and environmentalists and citizens' groups have been begging and suing the U.S. government to ban 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T in their own country—but with no success. It has been a long and often emotional battle: there have been citizens' court suits and counter-suits by Dow; at least three congressional investigations (the late Sen. Philip Hart warned 2,4,5-T might unleash "the most horrible tragedy ever known to mankind"); court injunctions in three states forbidding 2,4,5-T spraying; and even one vigilante attack (a Minnesota farmer was arrested after he fired a rifle at a helicopter spraying a national forest; he was acquitted after he told the jury, "I

Opel makes news.

The results of the Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown are in!

Opel finishes...uh...2nd.

GM

A lot of car makers compare their car to other cars.

We compared our car *with* other cars.

In a daring, fender-to-fender competition called The Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown. In it, we pitted our Opel against four better known competitors in point-by-point, side-by-side, independently supervised tests of acceleration, cornering flatness, parking-lot maneuverability, pulling power, gradability, and a few other areas. In short, some of the things you'd like to know when you go out to shop for a car.

It was a bold move. After all, what if we didn't win?

Well, to make a long story short—we didn't. When all the tests were completed and all the figures tallied up, Opel finished second, right behind VW Rabbit. You can imagine how thrilled we were. But look at it this way: in order to finish second overall, we had to beat Toyota Corolla, Datsun B-210, and Subaru DL in a number of instances. (And in some areas, we beat VW, too, as you'll see.)

Which is a victory. And not just a moral one.

You see, we know Opel is a little dynamo of a car. But apparently no one else did. Because it seemed that whenever anyone went out looking for a practical little import, they looked real hard at the other cars in the Showdown. But hardly ever at ours.

So we wanted to show that Opel could hold its own against its famous competitors. That it should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop.

In other words, we were confident Opel was good enough to take on this competition.

Opel announces 4-doors.

Then we went one step further. And made Opel good enough to take on your family. By offering you our new, just-introduced-in-this-country Opel 4-door Sedan.

After all, if you've got a family (or maybe some friends you like taking along on spirited spins around the countryside), you need to carefully examine a car's ins and outs. So we gave you two more.

Easy come. Easy go.

Final Test Results (Showdown Point Summary)	VW Rabbit	Buick Opel	Toyota Corolla	Subaru DL	Datsun B-210
Interior Noise	5	5	5	5	5
EPA Interior Room Estimates	5	3	4	2	1
EPA Trunk Capacity Estimates	5	3	2	4	1
Pulling Power (30mph 3rd gear) (55mph 4th gear)	3	5	4	2	1
Parking Lot Maneuverability	3	5	4	2	1
EPA Mileage Estimates	3	2	4	4	5
Estimated Range	2	3	5	5	4
Maintenance Stops* (Recommended)	5	3	4	2	4
Acceleration (0-55mph, 20-35mph) (30-70mph)	5	4	3	2	1
Gradability*** (30mph 3rd gear) (55mph 4th gear)	5	4	3	3	2
Cornering Flatness**	4	5	3	4	5
Steering Quickness	5	5	5	4	5
Grand Total	50	47	46	39	35

*The less frequent the number of visits over 37,500 miles of normal driving, the higher the score. The number and type of inspections, adjustments and replacements would vary by visit.

**Based upon opinion that less lean is preferable to more lean.

***Includes vehicle weight.

In California, Opel placed second on an overall basis. Individual test results vary from those shown above.

See your Buick Opel dealer for complete details.

Opel makes sense.

You can learn a lot from a test drive.

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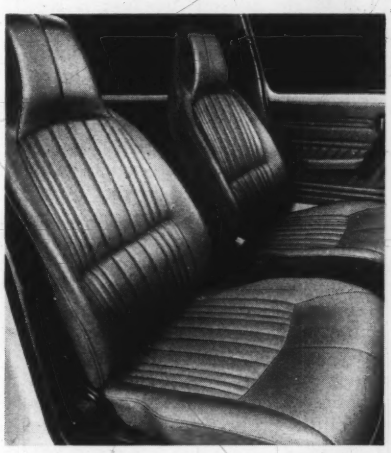


It'll show you—in one quick glance—how easy it is to read Opel's well thought-out instrument panel, and reach Opel's well-placed controls.

And it will reveal (most abundantly) Opel's thick, standard pile carpeting (one more way this small car lives up to its Buick name). Perhaps even startle you with an amazing sight in small cars these days: a real glove compartment . . . that locks.

What you will most certainly notice first, though—if you happen to be sitting in the driver's seat of an Opel Deluxe Coupe—is that you're not just looking at a bunch of warning lights. But gauges. A tachometer right next to the speedometer. An oil-pressure gauge. An ammeter. An electric clock with a second hand. All standard. To let the enthusiast in you keep a close eye on the kind of response you're getting from that gutsy 1.8 litre dynamo under the hood.

But to really feel how Opel goes on the road, you should really feel it. On the road.

And, oh, what a feeling.

Opel performs.

Indeed it does. As the 5-Car Showdown will testify. First of all, in tests of cornering flatness and steering quickness, none of the competitors out-ran Opel. And in tests of acceleration and gradability, only the VW Rabbit (a car much-ballyhooed for its fuel-injected engine) was able to nose out our Opel for top honors.

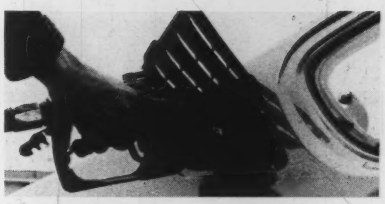
Opel's strong showing in these areas isn't surprising when you consider its own accoutrements. Like the dynamic overhead-cam, 4-cylinder hemi engine. Four-coil-spring-suspension. Front stabilizer bar. Rear track bar. Floor-mounted, full-synchronized, short-throw, 4-speed manual transmission (with 5-speed and automatic available). Rack-and-pinion steering. And lots more.

Nevertheless, it still may surprise you. But then, up to this point, maybe you haven't considered Opel.

Maybe you should.

More than just mileage: range.

When you do consider Opel, you'll find it quite considerate of you. With EPA mileage estimates of 36 mpg on the highway and 23 mpg in the city. (The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. Estimates lower in California.) But don't stop there.



You won't have to. Because with Opel's 13.7-gallon gas tank (largest of any of the cars in the Showdown, by the way), its estimated range is about 350 miles.

(By the way, this range estimate is a function of both gas tank capacity and miles per gallon, and is based on multiplying the EPA combined estimate, which is 27 mpg, by gas tank capacity. Actual range may vary.)

The best news of all.

If by now our intrepid little Opel is beginning to sound like an intriguing proposition, let us suggest you hurry to your Buick Opel dealer for further consultation.

Not only will he give you a brochure with complete details on the 5-Car Showdown, he'll be happy to provide you with one of those revealing test-drives we mentioned.

And, of course, he'll show you how very affordable Opel is to buy.

Come on, now. Any car with this much going for it is at least worth considering, isn't it?

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Cash Box/May 28, 1977

"The concert sound is solid...this set provides a new angle of vision on the soft vocals—lush synthesizer style that made the Moodies a top world-wide attraction!"
Billboard/May 28, 1977

"This live package is further testimony of their tremendous popularity for more than a decade!"
(Ace Adams)/New York Daily News/ June 24, 1977

"The new material ranges from very good to excellent!"
Variety/June 8, 1977

"Essential for hard-core (Moodies) fans!" Syracuse News-Times/June 26, 1977

"Seldom does one hear an almost flawless album like CAUGHT LIVE + 5!" Record Review

"The live portion of the album is a true delight!"
The News-Enterprise/June 10-12, 1977

"A melodic mellow must for Moodies maniacs!"
Kite-Schnectady, New York/June 15, 1977

The Moody Blues
Caught Live + 5
on London Records & Tapes

30 GOLDEN PLATINUM YEARS
London
© LRI, 1977

was trying to defend my wife and children from the chemical warfare of the U.S. Forest Service").

Now researchers have been uncovering clues which warn that dioxin might be slowly poisoning the general population. Dow and Harvard University scientists have been finding traces of dioxin in beef grazed on 2,4,5-T pastures, and just a few months ago Harvard researchers reported they detected dioxin in human mothers' milk, sampled near areas where 2,4,5-T is routinely sprayed. If humans respond to tiny amounts of dioxin in our diets the way monkeys do, speculates Dr. Matthew Meselson, chairman of the department of biochemistry and molecular biology at Harvard, then dioxin may be accumulating in our tissues until it causes subtle, chronic toxic effects in adults—and birth defects in our children.

"You might get increased susceptibility to infections, you might get anemias of various kinds, you might get general loss of ability to heal wounds—a general failure of many organ and tissue systems," Meselson says. "The effects are rather like premature aging."

But EPA has consistently refused to ban dioxin-contaminated 2,4,5-T. Officials say "adequate data does not yet exist to assess the potential hazards." This means scientists are still grappling to invent the super-sensitive technologies capable of unravelling the deadly dioxin mystery. Precisely how many parts per trillion of dioxin are in our food and tissues? Precisely how many parts per trillion cause what deadly effects? EPA seems inspired by a crazy logic: rather than ban Dow's poisons to protect the public until scientists can prove the dioxin from 2,4,5-T is safe, EPA will permit the national chemical warfare to continue—until scientists can produce neat statistics which quantify the dioxin threat. As far as Dow is concerned, even if dioxin *did* cause birth defects, they may not be worth fretting about anyway. Dioxin's usual effects on the embryo, according to animal studies, are cleft palate and death of the fetus. "Many other chemicals cause malformations more serious," Dow pouts in a legal brief submitted to EPA, "such as defects of the heart, brains, limbs . . . In summary, the malformations caused by [dioxin] are not as significant as those caused by thalidomide or compounds as common as aspirin . . ." Of course: children born with cleft palates can have them repaired with surgery. As for the babies killed by dioxin while still in the womb: they won't know what hit them anyway.

The irony is that even if EPA banned 2,4,5-T tomorrow, it would scarcely dent the nation's dioxin problem. Researchers are discovering that countless chemicals may be contaminated with this extraordinary poison. For instance, federal studies have discovered traces of dioxin in some batches of a best-selling herbicide, Silvex, which farmers douse on apple orchards across the country; millions of American consumers are spraying Silvex this month to kill chickweed on their home gardens and lawns. Chemicals used in textile factories may contain dioxin, an EPA report warns, and so may chemicals widely used in the pulp and paper industry and machine tooling plants.

While no one has yet proven conclusively that human illness or death has been caused by dioxin in the herbicide 2,4,5-T, the medical literature is filled with gruesome reports on disease and death caused by dioxin in *industrial* accidents. In the 1950s, for instance, a German factory had to be demolished and buried in the ground because its workers were still dying from dioxin poisoning five years after some dioxin had contaminated the plant during an explosion. Dow Chemical temporarily shut down a 2,4,5-T factory in Michigan in 1964, after about 70 workers succumbed to dioxin poisoning. And just five years ago in central Missouri, more than 60 horses died and a little girl became gravely ill after industrial waste oil was sprayed around a horse stable to tamp down the dust. The oil was contaminated with dioxin.

It's a nice coincidence: the cremation of Agent Orange at sea in July coincides with the first anniversary of the day dioxin devastated the lush town of Seveso, Italy. It was July 10, 1976. A factory which manufactured ingredients for pesticides, medicines and cosmetics belched a white cloud of dioxin into the sky. Hundreds of townspeople were evacuated, their homes were sealed off by barbed wire and combat troops, and their furniture and clothing were destroyed. Hundreds of residents in the area were disfigured by a terrible skin disease called chloracne, which is caused by dioxin. Thousands of animals died. Local officials worried so much about a possible epidemic of deformed babies that they urged pregnant women to have abortions. So far eight deformed babies have been linked directly to the poison.

Seveso's once-fertile croplands have been dangerously contaminated, possibly for years, and a Vietnamese detoxification expert predicts much of the town won't be habitable for at least one decade. To EPA, such a disaster is officially known as a "chemical incident." To the people of Seveso, one Italian official told the press, it was "our own Hiroshima."●

The abortion decision: A case of moral myopia

The issue of abortion is the moral dilemma of the decade. What Vietnam was for the sixties, abortion has become in the seventies: a powerfully destructive and divisive force to the spirit of our nation. No one is indifferent, no one is unaffected, no one is untorn. In all but the most closed of minds, either partisan position must engender traces of doubt and guilt. However much one favors abortions, the knowledge is inescapable that the future is still a matter of children. To preserve our balance, we need a future generation of our own, to whom we can hand over our system of values and our way of life.

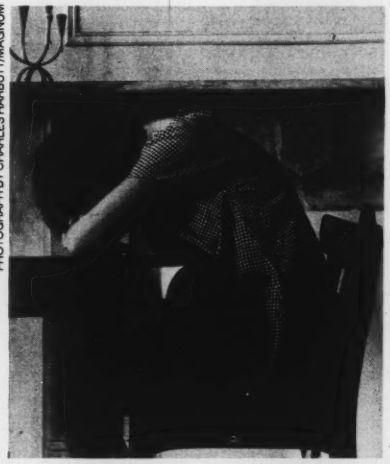
Conversely, no matter how much one opposes abortion, there is no way to deny the tragedy of unwanted pregnancies. Scores of neglected, battered and abandoned children testify to that. Not to speak of the mothers: teenagers and older women whose lives come to a grinding halt through this additional blow to their already precarious existence.

The issue of abortion speaks to the very core of our beings. We all carry the ghost of our deaths, partial and final, in our hearts and eyes and on our shoulders. The terror of abortions is that. It is our consciousness of death that makes any death, however imposed, an occasion of great importance, whereby we measure the worth of our previous years. Each of us numbered, whirling in unfathomable space, subject to undiscovered rules—how can any of us decide with ease on matters of dying? And yet we do. Everyday. In all realms. Aided by make-believe, apathy and alienation.

President Carter's support of the recent Supreme Court ruling on stopping Medicaid funds for abortions appears to have been made in this same mold. But it should not have been. "Many things in life are not fair," he said. We all know that. Still, most of us expect an improvement of that condition in the character of our president. The decision to interfere with poor women's freedom of choice to abort seems to me catastrophically immoral, shortsighted and dehumanizing.

Carter's statement that there are many things "wealthy people can afford and poor people can't" is an outgrowth of our capitalistic system of free enterprise. It is a negative by-product of our economic organization. Coupled with our persistence in merchandising empty and unfulfillable dreams to large segments of the population, it has already brought us major troubles. Witness the July black-out lootings.

To use this failure of the system as an excuse for coercing the poor to reproduce amounts to a travesty of justice and of wisdom—especially if one considers that the government is willing to pay a needy woman for childbirth approximately five times the amount that an abortion would cost and is also willing to subsidize the needy child through its ever-increasing welfare rolls. The issue, then, is not money but a political expediency—or at best, a hypocritical salvaging of conscience at the expense of the helpless. Carter's strategy is shortsighted because it caters to immediate conservative political interests, without awareness that it is precisely those interests that will be most jeopardized through the population growth among those to whom abortion now becomes virtually inaccessible.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES HARBUTT/MAGNUM

It is increasingly evident that we are becoming a divided nation of affluent whites and indigent third-world people. With a ban on abortions for the poor, the birth rate will by force increase among those with the least resources and therefore the least opportunities to enhance the talents of their progeny. Overcrowding, hunger, deprivation and despair rarely produce exemplary statesmen or even substantially contributing citizens.

If abortion is available only to those who can pay for it, the more deprived populace will inevitably increase while the number of potential leaders will decline. We shall be left with nothing but a power elite alien to and alienated from those they must govern. History has shown that such conditions lead to disaster.

These are unpleasant possibilities that our democratic eyes prefer to overlook. Still, we all know (although none of us like to speak of it) that open enrollment did not work out; that our cities are dying from constant threat of imminent, and all too often actual, violence; that the promise of the sixties of equality and brotherhood is drowning in a recession where 40 percent of the black young are unemployed.

Vice president Mondale and HEW Secretary Califano have suggested government subsidization of adoption. That is not a viable alternative. Eighty percent of adoptable children come from the third world. The wrenching, but by-and-large idealistic, sixties have faded. Today, very few who can afford to adopt want to risk the threat of a potential guerrilla at the breakfast table, much as one might understand and even applaud the adoptee's moral choice.

Finally, President Carter's support of the Supreme Court's ruling is dehumanizing. As is the case with all coercive measures, it obscures the existential dilemma that abortions represent. Polarization of the issue shifts the arena of concern from individual courage and unique sorrow to a battle against oppression. The tragedy once again becomes being poor. The solution is rebellion, the wake of which hides the facts.

For, in truth, abortion is not a legal issue or a social convenience. It is a decision of dreadful daring, through which personal worlds are validated. It is a frontier of individual rights to private destinies, be that redemption or inconsolable remorse.

That is the heart of this struggle. The quality of life pitted against life. Whichever we choose, we lose.●

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

White House abortion clash/Rennie Davis, Secret Agent

The Insider

"Looters scattered, roachlike . . ."

It was an act of God.
—Charles F. Luce, Chairman
of Consolidated Edison Company
July 14, 1977

Of course. But the question is why Con Ed let itself become hostage to God in so unseemly a fashion . . . it is also true that a people gets the electric utility it deserves . . . [Con Ed suffers from New York's environmentalists and political spenders, but there's a cheerier note.] The Eastern power grid has learned a valuable lesson indeed: The time does come when you have to pull the plug on New York.
—Wall Street Journal, July 15

Even before all the lights came on again, the media had identified the number-one villain of the New York power shutdown: the black looter. God, who had been designated by Con Ed as the perpetrator only minutes after the lights went out, ran a poor second, at worst an unindicted co-conspirator. As for Con Ed itself, all three local dailies agreed it should be considered innocent until proven guilty, and that the Mayor, who had hastily accused it of "gross negligence or worse," was himself guilty of demagogy.

With three days to ponder the story, *Time* and *Newsweek* came up with the same cover: looters against a dark skyline. Only after eleven pages on the "animals" did *Time* get around to asking why the lights went out. Tentatively it fingered God, with a sideswipe at environmentalists. (Nobody, until the fifth day, reported that there was more than enough idle power capacity to meet the demand.)

Technically, the two morning dailies performed minor miracles. Blacked out just as they were going to press Wednesday night, the *Times* moved to New Jersey and the *News* to Long Island, and both produced creditable if limited editions. When the afternoon *Post*, in the hands of Rupert Murdoch, appeared on Friday, it outscreamed the others with a huge headline, "24 HOURS OF TERROR," and a lead that boasted, with wild inaccuracy, of "the worst outbreak of rioting in the city's history."

Friday's papers reflected the mood of better citizens, like the matron (who presumably had walked off with no stolen mix-masters) I overheard demanding, "Why don't they shoot looters, like they do in other places?"

Buried in a few inside stories was an occasional suggestion of a human motive for the looting: youths crying, "It's Christmastime!", and a black woman saying, "Poor people know that all the rich people are stealing, so . . ." The dominant note, though, was shock and disgust: "the night of the animals." A *Times* reporter described looters as scattering "roachlike" on the arrival of the police.

Only *El Diario*, with its front-page headline "¿POR QUE?" thought that the main story was why it had *all* happened, something the English-speaking dailies hardly bothered with. It didn't have the answer, but at least it had the question.

Friday's *Times* ran a profile of white-haired citizen Luce under the headline "Cool Man on a Hot Spot." Deep in the financial section was a piece noting that Con Ed stock had hit a new high hours before the lights went out; profits and dividends were at record levels. A feature about business leaders who had to climb stairs was headlined, "City Power Crisis Musters Executive Grit and Muscle." In all the papers, we saw that the Beautiful People, too, had met the crisis beautifully, without spilling a drop.

If the media had seriously examined their own files, they might have found clues to the mystery—or they might have scanned a new book by Jack Newfield and Paul Du Brul, *Abuse of Power: The Permanent Government and the Fall of New York.*

Their case makes Con Ed a charter member of the permanent government, its board linked to Citibank and the *Times* family, among others; a self-interested utility that runs on a cost-plus system: the more it spends, the more it is permitted to earn. As a result, its rates are the highest in the country.

But in 1974, Con Ed made known to the *Times* that it was near bankruptcy. Under this threat, the state advanced $500 million in a sale-and-leaseback deal for two new power plants, and granted $675 million in rate increases. Zoom went Con Ed's earnings and dividends; Luce got $200,000 a year plus options.

The immediate reason for the 1977 blackout was that many middle-class Americans would rather get mad at poor blacks than at a powerful Establishment, and would rather suffer a Con Ed than have public ownership.

The *Times* editorialist spoke for these people when he ironized that fools would say: "*The government ought to take it over. Keep the profits for the people and run it right.* Like the subway."

He could have said, "Like the Penn Central." But he didn't.

—John L. Hess

Politics

In the heat of the benighted

Before the blackout, congressional visionaries had plans on the line to obviate the possibility of any lights-out surprises in the nation. Representatives John Dingle (D-Mich.), Toby Moffet (D-Conn.) and Dick Ottinger (D-N.Y.) have for weeks been sponsoring a provision of the Carter energy package that would permit the Federal Power Commission to require Con Ed to prepare contingency links with other Eastern utilities.

Con Ed and other utilities, to nobody's amazement, opposed the Dingle provision. Representative John Murphy (D-N.Y.) made the case for the power outlets in the House, offering an amendment to delete the Dingle provision. During the House Subcommittee on Energy's June 14 session, Murphy delivered an impassioned speech. The Staten Island congressman argued fervently that no blackout similar to 1965's was any sort of possibility, that federal action to prevent one was absolutely unnecessary. Murphy came close, but his amendment failed on an 11–11 tie vote.

Did New York's crippling blackout and the resulting hundreds of millions of dollars of damages change the utilities' enlightened opinion? Don't turn your air conditioner to supercool: they still hope to excise the Dingle provision from the energy bill before its final passage.

Murdiochrity

Stanley Shuman was named by Governor Hugh Carey to New York's Emergency Financial Control Board and got the usual pocket biographies in the papers.

No one, noted this point: Stanley Shuman is Australian newspaper giant Rupert Murdoch's investment banker. During the little-known coup in which Murdoch took over *New York* magazine, Shuman did a great deal of the strategy planning and sometimes acted as Murdoch's spokesman.

And somehow Shuman, the Voice of Murdoch, made it onto that board, whose power extends into labor union contracts and the city budget. It is the institutionalization of New York's latest member of the permanent government: the board is Carey's instrument and Murdoch has done his bit for the governor in floating his candidate Mario Cuomo's race for mayor.

There are 108 ways the English keep dry with Gordon's.®

EVERY DRINK ON THIS PAGE CAME OUT OF A BOTTLE OF GORDON'S GIN.

Gordon's Gin not only makes a better martini (most popular martini in the world), it makes a better everything. Here are recipes for some of the 108 delicious drinks you can make:

Gin & Tonic: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin into highball glass over ice. Squeeze in wedge of lime. Fill glass with tonic.

Gin Screwdriver: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. orange juice. Stir in highball glass over ice cubes.

Tom Collins: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon. Pour over ice in highball glass. Add sprinkle of powdered sugar. Fill with soda. Stir. Decorate with orange slice and cherry.

Salty Dog: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Fill with 3 ozs. grapefruit juice. Add dash of salt.

Rickey: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice from ½ lime with rind into highball glass with ice cubes. Fill with soda water. Stir.

Daisy: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, teaspoon of grenadine, juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Stir contents over ice cubes in highball glass. Add soda water to fill.

Ginade: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill with lemonade. Stir. Add lemon slice.

Belmont: ½ oz. cu...

...1 oz. each sweet vermouth, brandy, ... highball glass. Fill with gi... lemon peel twist.

Pink Gin: Sprinkle several dro... bitters into empty on-the-rocks ... bitters around the glass, remov... ice cubes and 2 ozs. Gordon's ...

Gin & Cola: 1½ ozs. Gordon's ... glass over ice cubes. Fill with ... of lime.

Highball: 1½ ozs. Gordon's ... glass filled with ice. Twist ... lemon peel. Pour on ginge...

TV Special: 1½ ozs. eac... orange juice over ice cu... Fill glass with ginger ale.

Lady Shake: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. Cointreau, ½ oz. lemon juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass.

Gin Bloody Mary: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of ⅓ lime wedge. Stir well over ice.

Hawaii: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. pineapple juice over ice cubes in highball glass. Add cherry.

Dry Martini: 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth. Stir well in pitcher over ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over rocks. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive, pearl onion.

Gin Daiquiri: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, ½ oz. lime juice, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass or on rocks.

Gin Sour: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of a half lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Strain into chilled sour glass. Add splash of soda. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.

Gimlet: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. sweetened lime juice. Stir well over ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

Between the Sheets: 1 oz. each Gordon's Gin, brandy, Cointreau. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain into cocktail glass.

Gordon's and Squirt: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice in highball glass. Fill with Squirt® grapefruit soft drink.

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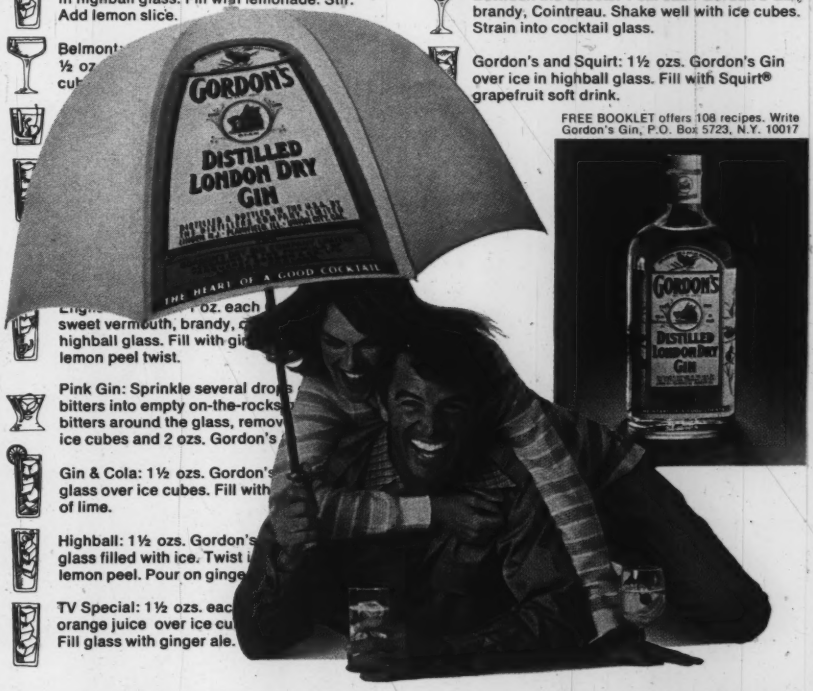

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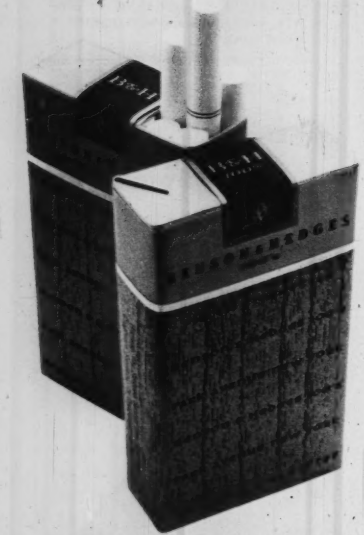
Benson & Hedges 100's

I never saw it happen.

that's the breaks.



Regular and Menthol

18 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Many things in the White House aren't fair

During the abortion battle on Capitol Hill, the women's groups and pro-abortion lobbyists knew the White House official line was Jimmy Carter's rigid stand against public funding. But they also knew that there were some staffers near the Oval Office who disagreed: Midge Costanza and Joseph Onek, in charge of health issues on the Domestic Council, to name two.

"In the beginning we weren't sure how they'd come down," said a National Women's Political Caucus lobbyist. It turned out the White House played neutral during the House debate, which ended in the passage of the Hyde amendment that bars federal money for abortion under any circumstance. There was no White House presence on the Hill during the Senate debate, which ended in the adoption of more modified conditions: no federal money except when the mother's life is in danger, or in the case of rape or incest.

Valerie Pinson, the White House lobbyist in Frank Moore's congressional liaison office (she's responsible for HEW affairs), described her efforts on the House side this way: "We discussed the issue in the office. It is a very sensitive, emotional issue and we decided we were not going to get involved. Everybody knew the President's position. We didn't lobby for or against the amendment."

Pinson says she is always close to the chamber when votes are taken.

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Costanza: Resigned but not resigning

What did she do during the voting on the Hyde amendment? "I went and got a cup of coffee."

Immediately after the Hyde amendment passed, Costanza said, she was "unhappy," but consoled herself: "Even if the President's view was different and he was against the amendment I don't think he would have changed one vote. The fact is, people's minds were set." Onek was also fairly philosophical about it: "The President's position was so clear there was not much point in discussing it."

Carter's press conference musings that he did not favor public funding for poor women's abortions (because "there are many things in life that aren't fair") changed the staff quiescence. In a sense of "outrage," as one of them called it, about 40 staffers—including Onek—met with Costanza to protest Carter's stand.

Their "outrage" may not, however, influence the crucial Labor-HEW conference committee to iron out differences in wording between the House and Senate legislation. There has been a delay in naming the House members, pushing the conference committee sessions further toward the August recess. The delay makes pro-abortion lobbyists suspicious: under a time bind, they reason, the House side—perhaps with the help of the White House—will be able to push through the stiffest kind of language.

The Word

Paging Emily Postsky

The Soviets are strong, nice boys, good dancers and they can hold their liquor. But are they smooth? Nyet. Eyodor Molochkov, the chief of protocol at the Soviet foreign ministry, decided that somebody had better instill a little politesse into the tuxedoed bears he was sending to the world's embassy dinners, so he sent around a handbook to his nation's agents. The chapter on the dinner table seemed to be full of information that their mothers, not their Foreign Office, should have told them:

"Don't tuck your napkin under your collar or spread it on your chest . . . Don't lean over your plate. Hold yourself as erect as possible. Do not reach for something on the table across someone else's plate.

"Don't spear bread with your fork . . . Never put your knife in your mouth. Don't use your knife to heap food on your fork . . . Don't eat too fast.

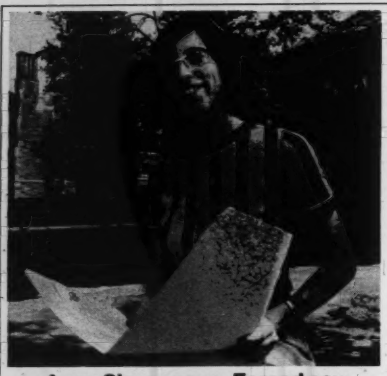
"Do not pass your plate with a request for a second helping. Don't spit bones on your plate . . . Don't toy with your napkin . . . Don't talk with a full mouth . . . Don't tilt your chair or slouch . . . Don't drink too much wine . . . Don't make critical remarks about the food. Don't read letters or documents at the table.

"Diplomats are advised not to stare at furniture . . . Whispering is taboo . . . They should not tell stale jokes. But if asked to sing or to play a musical instrument and they are qualified, they must not refuse."

Anything else, *matushka*?

"Don't waddle . . . Don't whistle in public and don't laugh too loudly."

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL F. O'BRIEN

Anne Simon says: Forced sex

Man and God at Yale

In 1701, ten ministers founded what was to become Yale University. The school became famous for Mory's, the Whiffenpoof song, the annual Harvard-Yale game and its alumni: Nathan Hale, Noah Webster, William Howard Taft and Henry Winkler.

In 1969, the University admitted women students for the first time. Now, eight years later, it is fast becoming famous for its "fuck or flunk" courses. On July 6, five persons—two students, two graduates and an assistant classics professor—filed suit in Federal District Court, New Haven, charging the university with permitting the "sexual harassment of female undergraduates." The class action asks that the university set up a board to investigate and deal with such incidents.

Professor John Winkler (no Fonz he), one of the plaintiffs, explained that, shortly after coming to Yale, he learned of the policy of one instructor: attractive female students either fornicated or failed. Another plaintiff, Ronnie Alexander, says she abandoned her study of the flute after being "raped" by her music instructor.

Attorney Anne Simon, the author of the suit, takes no issue with voluntary student-teacher sex which is as indigenous to academia as ivy, but rather with "coerced relationships." She claims that sexual abuses are common at Yale, and that the administration's policy regarding them is one of "active avoidance." A spokesman for the university denies it: such cases, he avers, are of great concern, and he noted, "there's an enormous apparatus for these people to turn to." He said the university would fight the lawsuit "vigorously," filing motions to dismiss within the next few weeks.

A trial, if the issue comes to that, could be as far as two years away. Regardless of the outcome, the Whiffenpoof song will never sound the same: "We are poor little lambs who have lost our way . . . "

—Craig Waters

Seventies

The Insider Interview: Rennie Davis, SDS (Ret.)

Old soldiers never die; they just wander off. When we heard that Rennie Davis of the Chicago Seven had started selling insurance, we felt we *had* to make immediate contact.

Davis lives in a one story house in Denver with his wife Luanne, their one-and-a-half-year-old daughter Lia, and their brown Toyota station wagon. He plans to have an eighteen thousand dollar college fund set aside for Lia by the time she is eighteen. To earn the money, he has spent the past four months in the John Hancock insurance company training program. A good salesman, he says that he "could sell hammers to people who perceived a need—whether real or imagined."

Rennie hasn't forgotten his roots, nor the Georgetown fundraising parties liberals used to throw for him in Clyde's bar. "I see the sixties as a necessary and beautiful journey. I really am loyal to our group of people and to the attitude of the sixties. When I see myself selling life insurance, a part of me says, 'Pour cold water on yourself!' But that's the Rennie Davis who wanted to ride a white horse righting wrongs and doing the right things. Now I realize that there isn't anything that's wrong or right."

"There is something in life that's the truth and I call it pure consciousness. The only people who really experienced it were Francis Bacon, Walt Whitman and Pascal. Most people thought they were talking about something metaphoric, but really it was an experience for them. Einstein grasped it intuitively with his realization that the universe was one big mass of energy, but he never experienced it." In February of 1973, Davis signed on with the Perfect Master, the Guru Maraj Ji. Although the Master's masses have grown smaller, Davis continues his mission to bring perfect message home.

He got involved in insurance to learn about financial and tax planning so that he could raise capital for a group called Birth of a New Nation. It was formed two years ago by people who "found themselves drawn into that medium of expression—the corporation. The people are interested in creating products, advertising, raising capital and building a stock company."

The company is concerned over the ponderosa pines in Colorado, which are being destroyed by the mountain pine beetle. "The disease leaves the wood with these blue streaks. Each tree is really unique and beautiful. We have a lumber mill and a woodworking shop operating in Denver, and our main product is picture frames for local artists. We're planning to go national. We want to start an ad agency for these products and express them with love and feeling."

Rennie's expressions of love are ever-expansive and all inclusive. "I can't write off Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew. They couldn't be living if life had written them off. My life embraces theirs."

—Arnon Mishkin

WIDE WORLD

Rennie Davis: Jaycee man of the year

Mind & Body

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

Oy!: Leaded McGlasses

Lead poisoning to go

Alas, McDonald's! It's not enough that they have been accused over the years of not putting milk in their shakes and trying to squeeze five Quarter Pounders out of a pound of beef; now Massachusetts health officials are trying to pin charges of attempted lead poisoning on them.

During a recent investigation into a lead poisoning case outside of Boston, Massachusetts' Public Health Commission (MPHC) researchers decided to test McDonald's glasses (on whose surface dance decals of the Hamburglar, Captain Crook, Mayor McCheese, et. al.) and found the decals contained 18 times the acceptable amount of lead. But how might the drinker ingest the lead? "The only ways we can foresee are if the decals are licked or chewed on," said a spokesman for MHPC. While admitting that the lead from a single glass would not be harmful, one health official complained: "Since children are exposed to so much lead in their environment daily, there is no excuse to expose them to any more." The glasses were banned from distribution in the state, and a $100 to $500 fine imposed on distributors of any glasses given out after the ban.

McDonald's officials first suspended, then resumed the "Glasses to Go" program nationwide (except in Massachusetts) and filed suit against MPHC. The suit asks the state health department to retest samples of the glasses and, if they pass the test, to issue a public retraction of the earlier charges. *—Jon Bowermaster*

Quick kick, no gain

Some bad news for smokers trying to kick the habit: at least one kind of withdrawal clinic works for less than one smoker in five. But the odds are one in three that you'll smoke less.

In an elaborate study at the State University of New York's Buffalo campus, researchers tracked down 70 percent of 800 volunteers who struggled through one-month anti-smoking clinics staged in the mid-60s by a Buffalo cancer hospital. Immediately after the clinics, which used drugs and educational programs, 38 percent of the participants went cold turkey. But in their follow-up survey, the researchers found that half of these lapsed. Only 17.8 percent are still abstinent; 37 percent were smoking less.

Men much more than women were found likely to quit, older people much more so than younger ones. Not surprisingly, quitters were apt to have taken up the habit at an older age, to be light smokers and active in sports.

Corrections

In a large-type blurb in Stephen Diamond's piece on Robert Vesco (July 22), we mistakenly attributed a quote about Vesco to Donald Nixon: "He knows things about the Nixon-Ford years that Archibald Cox couldn't have dreamt in his wildest imagination." In fact, that remark was made by an unnamed Washington source. What Nixon, Richard's nephew and Vesco's employee, had to say on the subject was that Vesco still "has stuff on Uncle Dick, and vice versa."

In that article, Diamond wrote, "Like so many aspects of *L'Affaire Vesco*, the Skip Wilkins case is loaded with plots, subplots, and a many-layered murkiness that may forever obscure the facts." That's for sure. Wilkins, a convicted felon, called Diamond last week to say that the man he had interviewed at length in person, and the man the editorial staff of *New Times* had talked to repeatedly on the phone, was not really himself, but his brother, posing as Skip; he thereupon disclaimed "his brother's" information.

In the same issue, the article "Cocaine Ladies" was based on research supplied by Craig Baumgarten. We inadvertently spelled his name as Craig Baumgartner. Our apologies.

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And now, for something completely new and different...

The Neutron Bomb

By Robert Sam Anson

You would not feel it at first, anymore than you would feel an X-ray going into your body. Depending on the dosage, it might be minutes, hours, even days before the first effects appeared. Then you would feel dizzy, nauseous. Breathing would be more difficult. It would be harder to walk, and use your hands. After awhile, you would feel better again. You might not even think that anything was wrong with you anymore, save for an unaccountable depression and weariness. Small annoyances would set you off. If you had a cut, it wouldn't heal. You would begin to notice that your hair was falling out, and that your appetite had gone away, the result, you might tell yourself, of the fever you were running. Then, maybe two weeks or a month later, the symptoms would recur, but differently this time, stronger and more persistent. It would be hard to stop vomiting. The constant diarrhea you were experiencing would turn watery, then bloody. Every breath would be an agony. Eventually, you would become delirious and lapse into a coma. Soon, you would be dead. What had killed you was something you couldn't see, a particle of energy smaller than the atom itself. The name for it is neutron. "It is," a Pentagon briefer explains, "a very clean weapon."

It was hot and muggy the day the Senate met. There had been a fierce electrical storm the night before, lighting up the sky with weird effects. That should have taken away the heat, but, for some reason, it hadn't. The atmosphere was oppressive. They had been meeting now for hours, and it would be hours more before it was over. Old Jennings Randolph of West Virginia simply couldn't take it any longer, and slumped back dozing in his seat. On the other side of the aisle, Barry Goldwater looked dazed and disconnected, as if off in some private trance. Moments before, he had gotten up and reminisced about the time he had run for president, how everyone had accused him of having his finger on the button. The speech hadn't made any sense, and Goldwater finally sat down. None of it made any sense anymore. The outcome was a foregone conclusion. But they had to sit there, while Hatfield, Case and the others went through the motions. It was senatorial courtesy. Scoop Jackson could barely hide his contempt. He came onto the floor eating peanuts. Somehow, Henry Jackson did not seem the peanut type. But there he sat, chomping goobers, as the Senate prepared to approve what, to that moment, was the ultimate weapon. Maybe he was being ironic. Or perhaps reassuring. A nuke, after all, was a nuke.

Cliff Case was on his feet, calling them all sheep. The President, he said, hadn't followed the proper procedures. The senators were being made fools of. Humphrey argued back, waving the arms control impact statement which the National Security Council had hurriedly sent over. "I trust this president," Humphrey said. Mark Hatfield, the leader of the opposition, smiled wanly. Hubert had trusted presidents before. It was left to Strom Thurmond to cut through the haze. All the talk about procedure and morality was nonsense, he rasped. The issue was war. In war, you killed your enemy. "And who is the enemy?" he demanded. "The enemy is people."

A few of the senators nodded approvingly. One or two even smiled slightly. McGovern rolled his eyes up to the ceiling in disbelief. It was over, and the doves knew it. Sam Nunn, who had pushed for the weapon more strongly than anyone, didn't bother to hang around for the outcome. He left early for a state dinner with the President and Helmut Schmidt.

When the vote came, it wasn't even close. The Hatfield amendment to prohibit funding for the neutron bomb went down 53 to 38. Hatfield tried to make the best of it. The senators could be proud of themselves, he told his colleagues. They hadn't banned the bomb, but at least they had talked about it. That, at least, was something.

And so it went in Washington, just as it had always gone. The Senate had approved other bombs before, bigger bombs, deadlier bombs, far more exotic bombs: thirty thousand of them spread around the world since the dawn of the atomic age, and there were more coming every year. Newer, better, deadlier. Science was always marching on. And Congress was always in step.

Something was different about this bomb, though. Actually, it wasn't even a bomb at all. Bombs were dropped from airplanes. This one would be mounted inside a missile. That made it a warhead, properly speaking. An "en-

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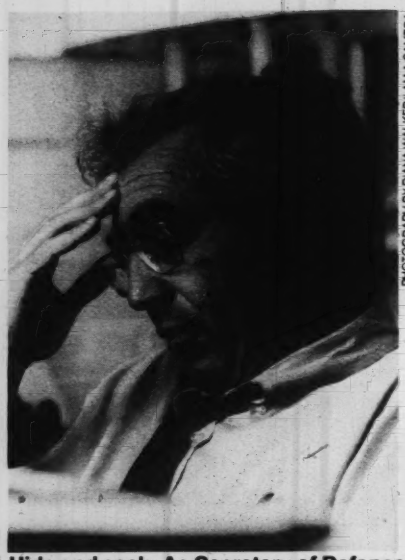

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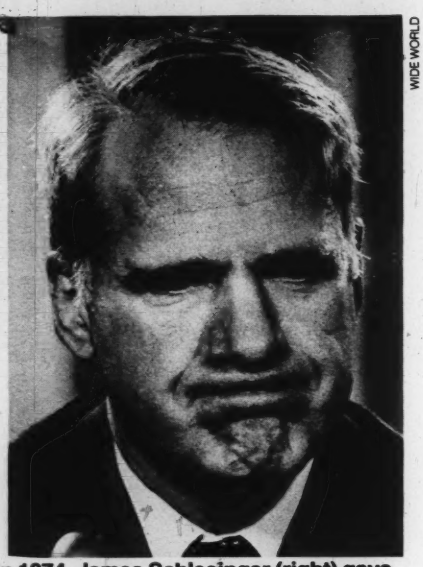


WIDE WORLD

Hide and seek: As Secretary of Defense in 1974, James Schlesinger (right) gave the green light to the neutron bomb, a fact discovered only this June when reporter Walter Pincus stumbled upon a three-line entry in a Senate report on "public works."

hanced radiation warhead" was the name they gave it. "Creepy," a senator called it.

It *was* creepy. For the neutron bomb—unlike "conventional nuclear weapons," as the Pentagon had taken to calling them, in a meaningful turn of phrase—was designed specifically to kill people; buildings, save for those at the very center of the blast, were left more or less intact. That was the beauty of the neutron bomb—"the ultimate capitalist weapon," they jokingly called it on the Hill—and that was the terror.

No one in his right mind would launch a conventional nuke, unless the end were truly at hand. But the neutron bomb—that changed everything. It was small enough so that planners could envision its actual use in a battlefield situation. "Say the Russians invade Europe," Richard Perle, a nuclear strategist on Scoop Jackson's staff, mused. "And say they get to Rome. Well, it would be nice if we had a weapon that could wipe out a Russian tank battalion in St. Peter's Square, not hurt the Pope and leave the Sistine Chapel intact in the bargain." With a neutron bomb, it was theoretically possible. And the more the defense planners thought of the possibility, the more enthusiastic they became. "This will set the Russians back 20 years in their planning," one Defense official boasted. In one giant step, the scientists had reversed everything. The predictions of Europe being overrun in 72 hours went out the window. Now, the Russians could never be sure. With the neutron bomb, the Americans might just pull the trigger. "But don't worry," a friendly Air Force Major advised. "It will never be launched. That's why we are building it."

You have to know the military to understand how they can say things like that, and, by their lights, remain perfectly logical. The generals at the Pentagon are not madmen. They are very quiet and very controlled. Never will you hear a voice raised in anger, or see a fist pounded on the table. The only intrusion on an otherwise silent building is the hum of an electric cart gliding down the corridors, shuttling Top Secrets on their appointed rounds. Everything is precise, orderly and logical, even if it doesn't seem that way at first. Go to a military base sometime, and look at the grass. Not a blade out of place. Or the buildings. Spotless. That is the military mind at work. It yearns for order.

The military, until now, has never been comfortable with atomic weapons (perhaps, sensing this, the Congress in 1946 enacted a law, charging a civilian agency, the Atomic Energy Commission, with developing and producing atomic weapons, rather than the military). They were disorderly, uncontrollable; they intruded on the precise logic of the military mind. What was the sense, after all, of being armed with weapons that every president vowed would never be used? What was the point of all those classes at the War College, preparing for battles that could never be fought?

Through the years, various theoreticians attempted to devise scenarios in which nuclear weapons could be employed, without necessarily blowing up the world. In 1957, Henry Kissinger speculated that a limited nuclear war could be successfully fought, so long as both sides agreed to certain conditions, such as using 500-kiloton warheads or less, and refraining from striking certain targets. Four years later, Kissinger changed his mind, and admitted that a so-called limited nuclear war could not be kept limited after all.

John Kennedy tried to put an end to such speculation once and for all. "Inevitably," he said, "the use of small nuclear armaments will lead to larger and larger nuclear armaments on both sides, until the worldwide holocaust has begun." The Kennedy policy, extended by Robert McNamara through the Johnson years, was that there was no practical distinction between tactical nuclear weapons and strategic ones, and that tactical nukes would only be employed when "an opponent employs such weapons first, or [during] any attack by conventional forces which puts Europe in danger of being overrun." But Kennedy was pessimistic. There was something in the human spirit, he told a friend, that would not merely be content with possessing the ultimate weapons of destruction. Some morbid curiosity would drive man, sooner or later, to see how they worked.

James Schlesinger was just such a curious man: an intellectual with a restless mind, never content with the assumptions of the past, a man who lived in the subjunctive mood: *what if?* By the time Schlesinger became Nixon's Secretary of Defense, he had long since demonstrated his fearlessness of the bomb. As Chairman of the AEC, he had taken his family to Alaska to be on hand for a major underground test that a number of experts had predicted would cause earthquakes or worse. Schlesinger had been proven right. The test went off without a hitch.

At the Pentagon, Schlesinger surveyed the long-established thinking on nukes, and concluded that it was obsolete. Limited nuclear war ("counterforce," Schlesinger called it) was indeed thinkable, he decided, and, that being the case, the U.S. ought to set about planning how to survive and win it. Silos were hardened. Warheads were MIRVed, then MARVed. Targeting procedures were quickened. The weapons themselves got more and more sophisticated, while the launch vehicles that delivered them became more and

Reporting assistance for this story provided by Arnon Mishkin.

A lexicon of death

If you are to stop worrying and start loving the bomb, you'd best learn the jargon. Herewith, a primer:

MAD: Mutual Assured Destruction, meaning both sides possess sufficient atomic and hydrogen stockpiles to blow each other to bits.

Counterforce: Preemptive nuclear strikes against the other side's nuclear targets, SAC bases, missile silos, nuclear submarine pens and the like. Theory initially articulated by then Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, who took a number of steps to insure U.S. nuclear "survivability" in the event of counterstrike attack by Soviets.

PALS: Permissive Action Link System. Coded locks on nuclear warheads stored in Europe and elsewhere overseas. Installed to discourage theft of nuclear devices by international terrorists and/or overly ambitious allies.

Spasm-Warfare: Term coined by Herman (*Thinking about the Unthinkable*) Kahn to designate the condition when both sides decide to push all their buttons.

RADS: Units of absorbed dose of radiation. Any dosage over 650 rads is usually fatal. The neutron warhead is designed to put out 8,500–10,000.

Secondary Radiation: Radiation not from the burst of the bomb itself, but that which is picked up by dust, particles, etc. Depending on dosage, can be fatal. With filters and relatively simple shielding (such as a concrete bomb shelter) can be defended against.

Primary Radiation: The stuff of a neutron weapon. Comes from the bomb burst itself. Far more difficult to defend against.

Collateral Damage: Destruction of non-military structures; unintentional killing of civilians.

Flexible Response: Doctrine enunciated by NATO in 1967, combining conventional and nuclear forces to repulse Warsaw Pact (WP) invasion. Replaced Dulles-era policy of "massive retaliation" and "trip-wire response" which, roughly translated, meant that the U.S. would regard any incursion on NATO soil as a cause for GNW (General Nuclear War). The trouble with massive retaliation was that no one believed it.

"Clean Bomb": Nuclear device, such as neutron warhead, which kills mainly by radiation, rather than by blast and heat, as with a conventional "dirty" bomb.

Dial-a-Yield: Device that permits commanders to change destructiveness of certain individual warheads on the spot.

Firebreak: The line that is crossed when one side begins using atomic weapons. Also known as nuclear threshold.

LNW: Limited Nuclear War. Both sides cooperate by striking only military targets. A Soviet-launched LNW attack on the U.S., Scheslinger estimated in 1974, would kill approximately 800,000 people, "a relatively small fraction," as he put it, "of the fatalities associated with a massive attack against the United States, which includes direct attacks against our cities." Other experts are not so cheery. The Congressional Office of Technology Assessment, for instance, estimates the fatalities during LNW as much as six or seven times higher.

more accurate, culminating in the cruise missile, which could deliver a warhead, as one Pentagon planner put it, "through the window."

And then there was the neutron bomb. It was not a new idea. In one form or another, the notion of an atomic weapon that killed by radiation rather than blast and heat had been kicking around government think tanks for nearly two decades. What finally gave it impetus was the aggressive scientific lobbying of a Rand Corporation physicist named Samuel Cohen.

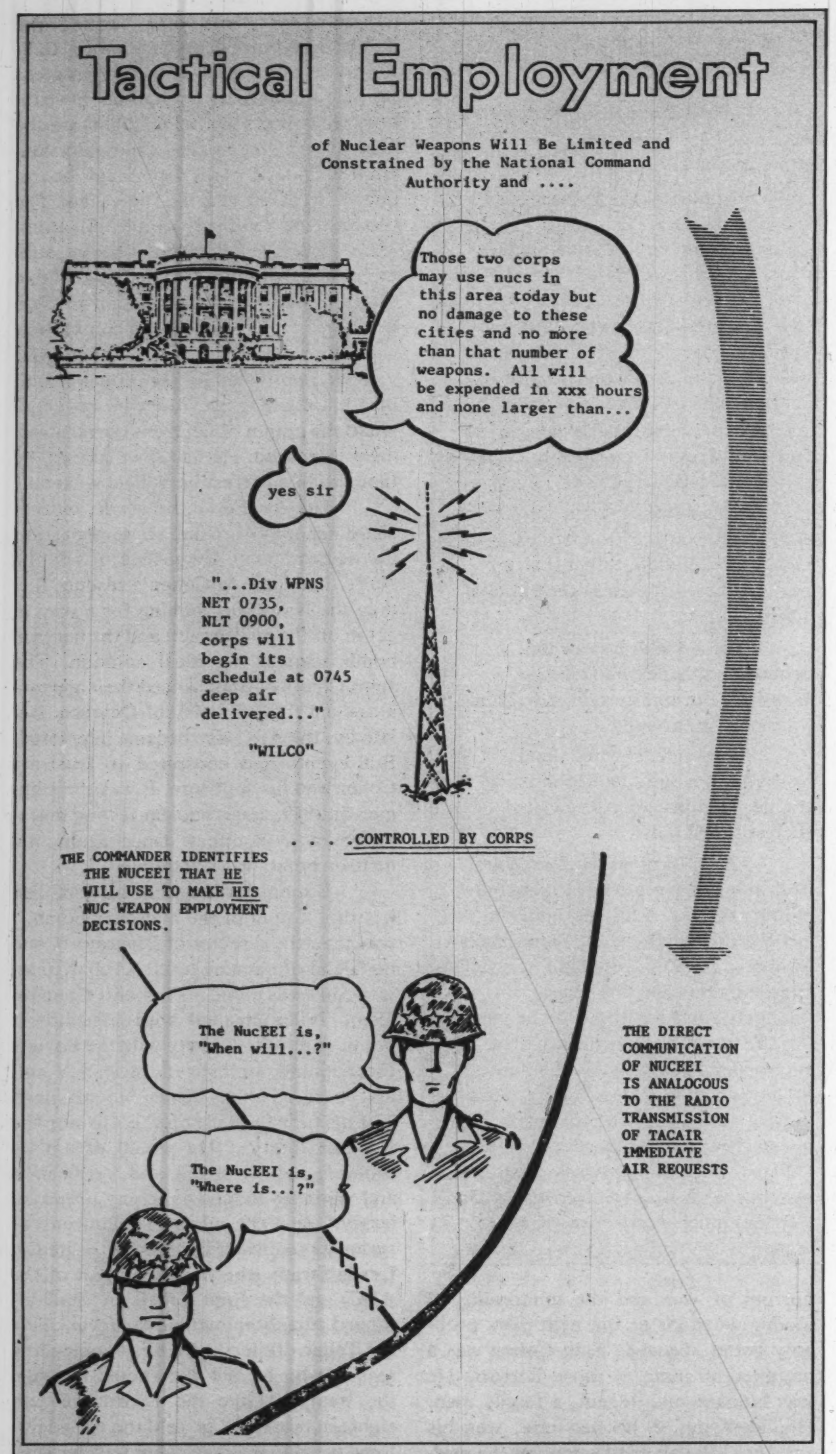
Sam Cohen was no militarist. He could talk as knowledgeably about the horrors of war and the immorality of atomic weapons as the next man, probably better, because Sam Cohen was a designer of some of those horrors. He was humane and decent, a family man. His ideology, if he had one, was his science. Like all good scientists, he prided himself on his objectivity. No one could ever say that Sam Cohen was not a rational man. He was simply a realist.

In 1958, Cohen joined a committee of scientists and technicians that was supposed to advise the Air Force on the battlefield use of sophisticated weapons systems, including tactical nukes. Cohen, who had been interested in neutron radiation for some time, visited the AEC's research lab at Livermore, California, where work was then in progress on a new family of low radiation weapons. He made some calculations on the back of an envelope, and eventually concluded that, if radiation could be reduced, it could also be increased. The concept was relatively simple. All atomic bombs emitted neutrons—heavy, subatomic particles that traveled predictable distances through the air. Using a fusion device (in effect, a hydrogen bomb), triggered by a very small fission (atomic) device, and protected by the proper shielding, blast and heat would be reduced, while the output of neutrons correspondingly increased. He had the makings, he thought, of a perfect battlefield weapon.

The Air Force, however, did not share his optimism, and so, temporarily, the neutron bomb languished. It was the Navy that came to Cohen's rescue. Just then the Navy was looking for a way to get in on the nuclear act, and the neutron bomb seemed the ideal solution. The Joint Chiefs of Staff voiced their approval, as did the Secretary of Defense. Belatedly, the AEC also became interested. But events had conspired to frustrate Cohen and his sponsors. It was the summer of 1959, and a nuclear testing moratorium was in effect. Once again, the neutron bomb was sidetracked.

But not for long. For Edward Teller, the "father of the hydrogen bomb," was then the director of Livermore, and no friend of banning tests. As charismatic as he was rabid in his anti-Communism, Teller pleaded with Eisenhower not to enter into a treaty with the Soviets for banning atmospheric tests. A colleague recalls that Teller would spend half his time thinking up ways to stop the test-ban treaty. "He would dream up problems of detection and verification and think up loopholes in any proposed treaty." In 1959, when Eisenhower was seriously considering signing a treaty, Lewis Straus (the then chairman of the AEC) and the Joint Chiefs of Staff arranged an appointment in the Oval Office for Teller. Teller had a very compelling reason why he felt Ike should not sign the treaty. "Give the Livermore Lab eighteen months," he told the President, "and we'll give you a clean nuclear warhead." What Teller proposed to deliver was a neutron bomb. Ike agreed to wait.

Eisenhower's successor, John Kennedy, was not moved by Teller's arguments, and the test ban treaty was signed. That did not stop Sam Cohen. He was soon back in Washington lobbying with the Navy again. Development resumed, and by the spring of 1963 the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of Nuclear Weapons Will Be Limited and Constrained by the National Command Authority and ....
Those two corps may use nucs in this area today but no damage to these cities and no more than that number of weapons. All will be expended in xxx hours and none larger than...
yes sir
"...Div WPNS NET 0735, NLT 0900, corps will begin its schedule at 0745 deep air delivered..."
"WILCO"
. . . .CONTROLLED BY CORPS
THE COMMANDER IDENTIFIES THE NUCEEI THAT HE WILL USE TO MAKE HIS NUC WEAPON EMPLOYMENT DECISIONS.
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The NucEEI is, "Where is...?"
THE DIRECT COMMUNICATION OF NUCEEI IS ANALOGOUS TO THE RADIO TRANSMISSION OF TACAIR IMMEDIATE AIR REQUESTS

War Games: The U.S. Army Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, issues students a conventional nuclear operations pamphlet, full of marvelous newspeak. Thus, nuclear attacks become *packages*; information on which they are based becomes NUC EEI (nuclear employment elements of information); civilian casualties become *collateral damage*, as in this directive: "Although collateral damage prediction is not considered an employment constraint or a nuclear weapons package parameter, it should always be included as an identifying characteristic of the package." Amen.

AEC was ready for testing. Cohen was asleep in his bunk when he felt the floor of the Nevada desert bump slightly. His theory was a success.

Cohen was not nearly as successful with the Kennedy Defense Department. The neutron bomb was precisely the kind of easily used weapon Robert McNamara did not want.

But Richard Nixon had decidedly other ideas about atomic energy; not surprising, since, during one of his earlier forays to Washington, Cohen had briefed him on the bomb. Nixon had seemed impressed at the time. Indeed, Cohen later wrote that, had Nixon won the election in 1960, "the neutron bomb would have been developed and stockpiled as expeditiously as possible."

The use to which the Nixon administration put Cohen's brainchild was not what Cohen intended. Instead of becoming a battlefield weapon, the neutron bomb became a tool for air defense atop the short-lived Sprint ABM.

The ABM system was eventually scrapped as impractical. But the utility of the neutron warhead was not lost on James Schlesinger. The first clue of the direction of Schlesinger's thinking appeared January 27, 1974, in a small story in the *New York Times*, which reported that the government was debating developing nuclear weapons that "would be primarily for killing or incapacitating soldiers on the battlefield" by "enhancing the radiation effects, perhaps by as much as 30 percent." The story was quickly ignored. In the months that followed, though, there were other straws in the wind. In March, Schlesinger told a Senate committee that there were "serious possibilities of replacing the existing [tactical nuclear] stockpile with nuclear weapons and systems more appropriate" to a variety of aims, including those of "denying the enemy his military objectives without excessive collateral damage" and "providing for selective, carefully controlled employment options." Schlesinger put it even more plainly a year later, when he mentioned, without elaborating, that one of the steps that the U.S. was taking to improve its readiness in the event of an attack against NATO was "increased radiation weapons." No one questioned him then about what those weapons were, nor did anyone question him later, when, after a meeting with NATO Defense Ministers, he announced cryptically that certain sophisticated nuclear devices were then on the drawing boards.

The task of actually developing and producing the warhead fell to ERDA, the Energy Research and Devel-

opment Agency, which, in 1975, became one of the bureaucratic successors of the Atomic Energy Commission. ERDA, like the AEC before it, was tight-mouthed about the work it was up to. The exact amount of its nuclear weapons budget was secret, and appropriations for the weapons themselves were always buried in innocuous-sounding pieces of legislation, such as appropriations for dams and sewer projects. Direct oversight of ERDA's activities came only from one committee of the Congress, the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, which jealously guarded its prerogatives from other congressional committees to the extent that basic facts about ERDA were difficult, if not impossible to come by. Potential critics, such as Symington, himself a former Secretary of the Air Force and an expert on nukes, were constrained from taking their worries public, since nearly all of ERDA's work was classified. The only remaining countercheck to ERDA, the semi-autonomous Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, with which ERDA was supposed to file an "arms control impact statement" on all new major weapons system, was effectively removed in 1974, with the appointment by Richard Nixon, at Henry Jackson's urging, of Fred Ikle, a hawkish RAND Corporation physicist. Under Ikle, ACDA was shaken up, and the doves that once populated it were sent into bureaucratic banishment. Soon, ACDA had the reputation, as one senatorial critic put it, of "making the Pentagon seem like pansies about nukes."

Meanwhile, development on the neutron warhead continued. An earlier problem of the weapon not emitting enough radiation to meet the military's needs had been conquered, and several months ago, ERDA was able to conduct a working test on the weapon at the underground test site 65 miles northwest of Las Vegas. More testing remained, but ERDA was almost ready to begin producing neutron weapons on a mass scale. Deployment, it promised the Congress, could come as early as 1979.

There remained only two roadblocks: the President, who had to approve ERDA's development and testing every year, and Congress, which had to authorize and appropriate the funds.

It was then that strange things began happening. The Secretary of Defense, who should have known what ERDA was contemplating, somehow overlooked a briefing memorandum. Carter was similarly nearsighted. He missed it as well. The House never bothered to look. It simply passed the ERDA

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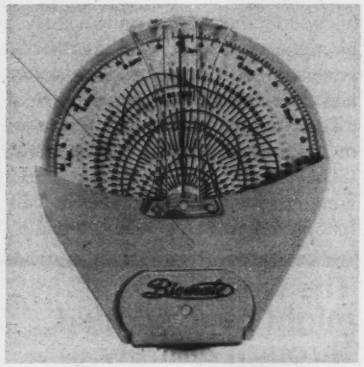

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appropriation as a matter of routine, not knowing what was in it. The questioning of ERDA assistant administrator General Alfred Starbird on the neutron warhead consumed less than a paragraph in the Congressional Record. Nor did Congress notice that ERDA had failed to file the required arms control impact statement with ACDA, which was back again in the hands of the doves. Later, Armed Services Committee Chairman John Stennis of Mississippi explained that the document, which was classified "Secret," had somehow been "mislaid."

The weapon might have slipped through entirely unnoticed had it not been for one man: Walter Pincus. Or as a Pentagon official describes him, "*goddam* Walter Pincus."

Walter Pincus is one of the quiet legends of American journalism, one of those rare reporters for whom the term "gadfly" truly applies. Graying, soft-spoken and unassuming (to the point where he deliberately covers up the nameplate on his desk at the *Washington Post*), he resembles nothing so much as an aging Bob Newhart. His one apparent flamboyance is a weakness for Gucci loafers. To look at him, you wouldn't suspect that he is one of the most respected—and feared—investigative reporters in the country.

It was Pincus who first began looking into Congressional junkets; Pincus who uncovered foreign government influence on the Congress; Pincus who started examining campaign financing—and all of them years before anyone else. It was also Walter Pincus who wrote about enhanced radiation weapons in 1974, at a time when almost no one had ever heard of them.

Pincus' technique was to look at things that other reporters ignored or took for granted. Congressional reports, for instance. Reading them was a hobby, a carry-over from Pincus' days as an investigator for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee (where he discovered that the Army, despite its assertions to the contrary, was waging war in Laos in a serious way). Copies of the Congressional Record and arcane committee reports were stacked atop his desk in piles two feet high. When he had the chance, he took one off the mound, and flipped through it, looking for a story, as he did one day early this June.

Pincus was hoping to do a story on the dams Carter was cutting out of his budget. But, as he started reading the report of the Appropriation Committee's subcommittee on Public Works, Power and Water Projects, he was startled to discover a section of the ERDA budget, including an appropriation for the development of an enhanced radiation warhead for the Lance missile. The notation was exactly one sentence. No one on the subcommittee had noticed it. But Walter Pincus realized its significance immediately.

As luck would have it, Pincus was then at work on a book about tactical nuclear weapons and the effects of radiation. That was the Defense Department's second bit of misfortune. The first had been the mention of the appropriation at all. ERDA had declassified it, without DOD's knowledge. Pincus later learned that the Army was furious.

At that moment, however, Pincus knew only that he was on to a story, and, from the smell of it, one that involved a cover-up. He began making calls. He had little trouble gathering information. "They were quite proud of the weapon," Pincus said of the ERDA scientists. "They said it would change battlefield tactics, save buildings. They called it a 'people killer.'" On June 6, Pincus' first article appeared. "Neutron Killer Warhead Buried in ERDA Budget," the headline read. A dozen more stories followed in the next few weeks, along with a denunciatory *Post* editorial. Then it was NBC's turn (Pincus is also a consultant for the network) with a report showing radiation testing on monkeys. CBS, ABC and the *New York Times* quickly followed. What only days before had been a three-line item in a public works appropriation budget had suddenly become An Issue.

The weapon might have slipped through entirely unnoticed had it not been for one man: Walter Pincus. Or, as a Pentagon official describes him, "*Goddam* Walter Pincus"

Mark Hatfield found out about the neutron bomb when Jack Robertson, a legislative aide, showed him Pincus' story. His first reaction was two words: "It's weird."

As Robertson gathered more information, Hatfield's resolve hardened. The Lance, it developed, was not the pin-point weapon the Army was advertising it to be; the missile's margin of error could be as much as 450 yards, more than a quarter of a mile, so aiming for St. Peter's Square might vaporize the Pope after all. Phillip Morrison of MIT, who had worked on the Manhattan Project, said that warhead was not really a nuclear weapon, but a form of gas warfare (whose first use the U.S. had already foresworn), since the killing cloud of neutron particles traveled at less than the speed of light. Herbert Scoville, the CIA's former deputy director for research, questioned the bomb's military usefulness, since the neutrons, lethal as they might be, had a "delayed-reaction" effect. Conceivably, a Russian tank squadron, even if fatally irradiated, could go on fighting for hours, even days. As Jeremy Stone, the director of the Federation of American Scientists put it: "This is about as useful as an old cowboy wanting a delayed-reaction bullet for the showdown at the OK corral. He'll kill his opponent, but the opponent will have enough time to get his revenge." Others, with access to secret Pentagon data, warned that the weapon was deadlier, with longer-range effects, than the Defense Department was letting on. David Samday, editor of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, summed up the case: "The neutron bomb will give the NATO forces a clean weapon that is more thinkable and more usable. This causes a profound change in military doctrine. It integrates the nuclear weapons with the conventional weapons. It takes nuclear weapons down to the small, company level."

But the most chilling prospect was the news that the Lance warhead was merely the first generation of neutron bombs. Work was already underway to develop a non-atomic trigger, such as a laser, for later models. Such a weapon would produce no blast or heat. The military could legitimately argue that it was non-nuclear, and be all the more tempted to use it.

Hatfield went to Stennis, the Appropriation subcommittee's chairman, and asked for a full committee vote. Stennis was no ally of Hatfield on defense matters, but they were both born-again Christians. That was motivation enough for Stennis to agree. On June 25, the committee met to vote on a Hatfield amendment prohibiting the funding for the enhanced radiation warhead. The tally was 10–10, technically a defeat. But Hatfield decided, and Stennis agreed, that the issue was of sufficient importance to be decided by the Senate as a whole.

On July 1, the Senate met in a rare secret session. When the vote came, it turned not on Hatfield's amendment, but on Stennis' proposal that the Senate

should delay funding until ERDA had filed an arms control impact statement, and the President had stipulated that the weapon was in the national interest. Stennis carried the day 43-42, the deciding vote having been cast by Connecticut's Lowell Weicker, who had earlier supported Hatfield in the Committee.

With the Fourth of July recess coming up, Hatfield paused to consider strategy. Carter was an unknown factor. Days earlier, he had canceled the B-1, after the Congress had voted partial funding. But Carter had made his decision, he said, because a better weapons system was available, namely the cruise. How he would go on the neutron bomb was difficult to gauge. All presidential press secretary Jody Powell would say was that the President wanted "to keep his options open." No final decision would come until August. Meanwhile, Hatfield began rallying his troops. On July 11, representatives from more than a dozen peace groups crowded into his office to meet with Robertson and plot strategy. In the time available, there was little more they could do than knock on doors and write letters. At that, they were in a considerable predicament. For in asking senators to oppose the neutron bomb, they were, in effect, endorsing the continuance of the present system of far more massive weapons of destruction. The irony was not lost on people like Perle, who cracked: "At any moment, I expect some group to pop up called Clergy and Laity for the Nuclearization of Women and Children."

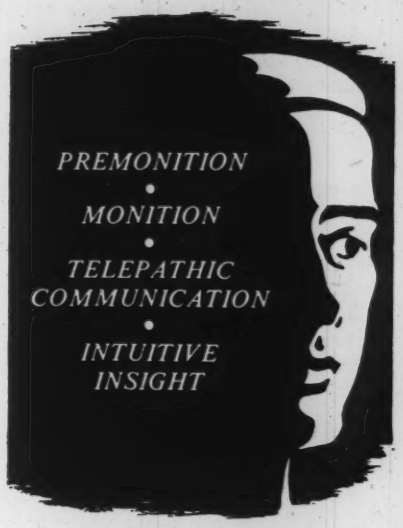
The anti-neutron lobby, disorganized and poorly coordinated, was no match for the proponents of the bomb, who spread across the political spectrum to include such nominal liberals as Humphrey, Stevenson and Moynihan. "Look," said one liberal, "it's hard to argue that this thing makes a whole helluva lot of difference, when you consider what we already have on the ground in Europe. If the military wants this thing, maybe we ought to give it to them. In the long run, it's going to be a whole helluva lot cheaper than giving them all the conventional weapons they would like to have." ERDA encouraged such thinking, by doing its own active lobbying on the Hill, as did DOD (as a scientist at Livermore, Defense Secretary Harold Brown had worked on the bomb's development), and various nuclear weapons contractors, such as General Electric and Rockwell.

In the midst of it all, a man named George Keegan showed up in town. He wouldn't say exactly why he was there, only that his personal presence was demanded on the Hill. There were certain senators he was going to have to talk to. Who? That was a secret. Just merely by being there, though, George Keegan demonstrated how serious the defense lobby was taking the neutron bomb.

George Keegan, you see, is *Major General* George Keegan, USAF (ret.) and he is, by his own reckoning, "something of a controversial figure." Until the first of this year, General Keegan was the chief of strategic intelligence for the Air Force, and its liaison on such matters to the other members of the intelligence community. His briefings at the Pentagon were always an event. To demonstrate just how near the Soviet threat was, Keegan would appear on stage in the uniform of a Soviet general. He would whisper and he would shout, and by the time he was finished, his audience was spellbound, ready to do battle with the Red hordes. "Keegan could scare you like no one else could," recalls a fellow officer.

The trouble was, the spell would eventually wear off, and the Pentagon would go back to doing what it always did. It made General Keegan furious. In his time—"35 years of professional study of the Soviet threat," as he puts it—he registered over 100 major dissents with Defense policy. He was a voice crying in the wilderness. Around him, he saw civilian defense officials "with strange guilt complexes about building nuclear weapons." Some of them, in fact, were "plainly anti-military." They did their best to "cover up" his views for "political reasons." Even many professional military men—men, as he put it, "with whom I have fought a lot of wars"—were losing their spine. They were making their careers "on being polite and keeping their mouths shut and going along with policy." Keegan could no longer take it. "I decided," he said, "that the only honorable thing to do was resign, and take my case to the public." So, in January, he did just that, and became the executive vice-president of the United States Strategic Institute (Washington telephone number: 202-331-1776).

It was that mission that brought him to Washington the day the Senate was to vote on the neutron bomb. "The defense of NATO," he warned, "is hopeless unless something radical is done to restore the sense of balance." As it was, he said, Europe could be overrun in 72 hours. One way to begin restoring the balance, Keegan went on, was to build the neutron bomb. "It is a very prudent, attractive option to deter war," he explained, not only in Europe, but



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elsewhere. The Middle East? "God, that would have turned everything around for the Israelis in '73, wouldn't it," Keegan beamed. Vietnam? "Perhaps. We might have caught them massing in the cities at Tet." The Soviet Union? "Yes, I can see a strategic application. Say they were massing their reserve divisions. Well, this would take care of them."

But the real wonder of the neutron bomb, as Keegan saw it, was its people-killing properties. "We in the military," he said, "have always realized that one of the great tragedies of war is rebuilding afterward. Look at the money we spent on Japan and Germany after their defeat. A lot of that could have been avoided, if we had had a weapon like this."

Keegan was more confident because of developments like the neutron bomb. "Slowly," he said, "people are realizing the nature of the threat." There were still challenges to be faced, though, such as "the punks in the current administration." "The military," he said, "has to do its own lobbying. We can't sit back anymore. Politics. That's where the action is."

Keegan was the nuclear lobby's unguided missile. A far more effective weapon was someone with no more military experience than membership in the Coast Guard Reserve: Sam Nunn, the junior senator from Georgia; he simply knew more than anyone else. Defense was Sam Nunn's obsession, and it had been for a long time. His great uncle, Carl Vinson, had chaired the House Armed Services Committee, and, as a young lawyer, Nunn had worked for him. When he ran for the Senate in 1972, defeating his Carter-backed opponent, Nunn had made no secret that defense would be his chief priority once he reached Washington. In fact, Nunn did not wait to be elected before calling on Stennis, and asking him for a seat on the Foreign Relations Committee. Suitably impressed, Stennis granted Nunn his wish and eventually made him his protégé. Affable, hard-working and razor-sharp, Nunn made the NATO alliance in general, and tactical nukes in particular, his field of expertise. He made extensive inspection tours of the Alliance, buttonholing commanders, NATO officials and soldiers in the field. On his return, he issued fact-chocked gloomy reports, emphasizing the growing Soviet "threat" and NATO's diminishing preparedness to meet it. "In the long term," Nunn wrote, "the quantum jump in NATO firepower necessary to counter the new Soviet threat can be obtained only by accelerated exploitation of ongoing technological advances in munitions and delivery systems."

There was no one on the Hatfield side who could equal Nunn's grasp of NATO. "The guys like Nunn are a different breed of cat," explains a key Senate staffer at variance with Nunn. "Liberals have got a lot of other interests. These other guys live for one reason: national security. And they are tigers about it. It's hard to win against them. The arguments on the disarmament side are more complex. If a congressman is going to make a mistake, he always wants to err on the side of 'protecting our boys.'" The truth was, that the doves were slightly awed by Nunn, even afraid of him. "Whenever I see Nunn get that little smile on his face, turn to my guy and begin to ask him a question," says a Senate aide, "I shudder. I say to myself, 'Oh, oh, here it comes.'"

Nunn's direction of the campaign for the neutron warhead ran true to form. The day of the final vote, Nunn's office dispatched an ERDA plane to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, to pick up Dr. J. Carson Mark, a highly respected atomic scientist, who had earlier been quoted by a Hatfield press release as saying that the neutron bomb could create a radioactive cloud of Carbon-14 particles that might persist thousands of years. Nunn brought Mark to the Senate anteroom for a personal confrontation with Hatfield's aide, Jack Robertson. "Your boss," said Mark, "misunderstood everything I said." As Mark was guided around to various senators, Hatfield's credibility was dying, inch by inch.

"We in the military," Keegan said, "have always realized that one of the great tragedies of war is rebuilding afterward. Look at the money we spent on Japan and Germany after their defeat "

By then, it was probably too late in any case. Jimmy Carter had finally gone on the record about the neutron bomb, and what he said doomed the liberals. Two days before the vote, Carter sent Stennis a letter, backing the bomb. "It is my present view," Carter wrote, "that the enhanced radiation weapon is in this nation's security interest. . . . Tactical nuclear weapons, including those for battlefield use, have strongly contributed to deterrence of conflict in Europe. I believe we must retain the option they provide, and modernize it." A delighted Stennis quickly circulated the letter around the Senate.

The final, crushing blow came the next day at Carter's news conference. The timing of the conference itself was unusual, since Carter had met with the press little more than a week before. As Robertson and others on Hatfield's staff watched TV, they had little doubt about the reason for the press conference, or what Carter was about to say. "I have not yet decided whether to advocate deployment of the neutron bomb," Carter began. But, he quickly added, "It ought to be one of our options."

What Carter did not mention was that his own Arms Control and Disarmament Agency had strongly advised him not to develop the weapon. ACDA Director Paul Warnke, in Geneva at the time, had no comment on Carter's decision, nor, considering the pressure he was under from Jackson and the other members of the nuclear lobby, did it seem likely that he would soon. Three years ago, however, Warnke, then a private citizen, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the development of "smaller, neater and cleaner" tactical nukes would be "an absolute disaster."

Once committed, Carter pulled out all the stops. The day of the vote itself, July 12, Carter talked by phone with Humphrey, and urged him to help win passage for the bomb. As an added fillip, the National Security Council delivered a hastily authored arms control impact statement into Humphrey's hands. The statement, which even Humphrey admitted was something less than complete, concluded that building the bomb would have no effect whatsoever on SALT, and a "marginally negative" impact on disarmament and non-proliferation in general. That night, as the Senate voted, Walter Mondale, decked out in formal dinner dress, was on hand to preside over the deliberations. From time to time, he glanced nervously at his watch. He did not want to miss the festivities at the White House.

So will the world end, Eliot wrote: "not with a bang, but a whimper." The line kept running through Jack Robertson's mind as he watched the Senate vote. He drove home that night, exhausted. For the last month, he had dealt in nothing except rads and megadeaths, and it was getting to him. He kissed his wife, opened a beer, and tuned in the last half of *Charlie's Angels*. He wanted to think more benign thoughts. Before long, he was asleep. ●

Meanwhile, back at the Pentagon, these are the weapons that are considered *conventional...*

This side of Doomsday

By Donald Neff

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT AZZI/MAGNUM

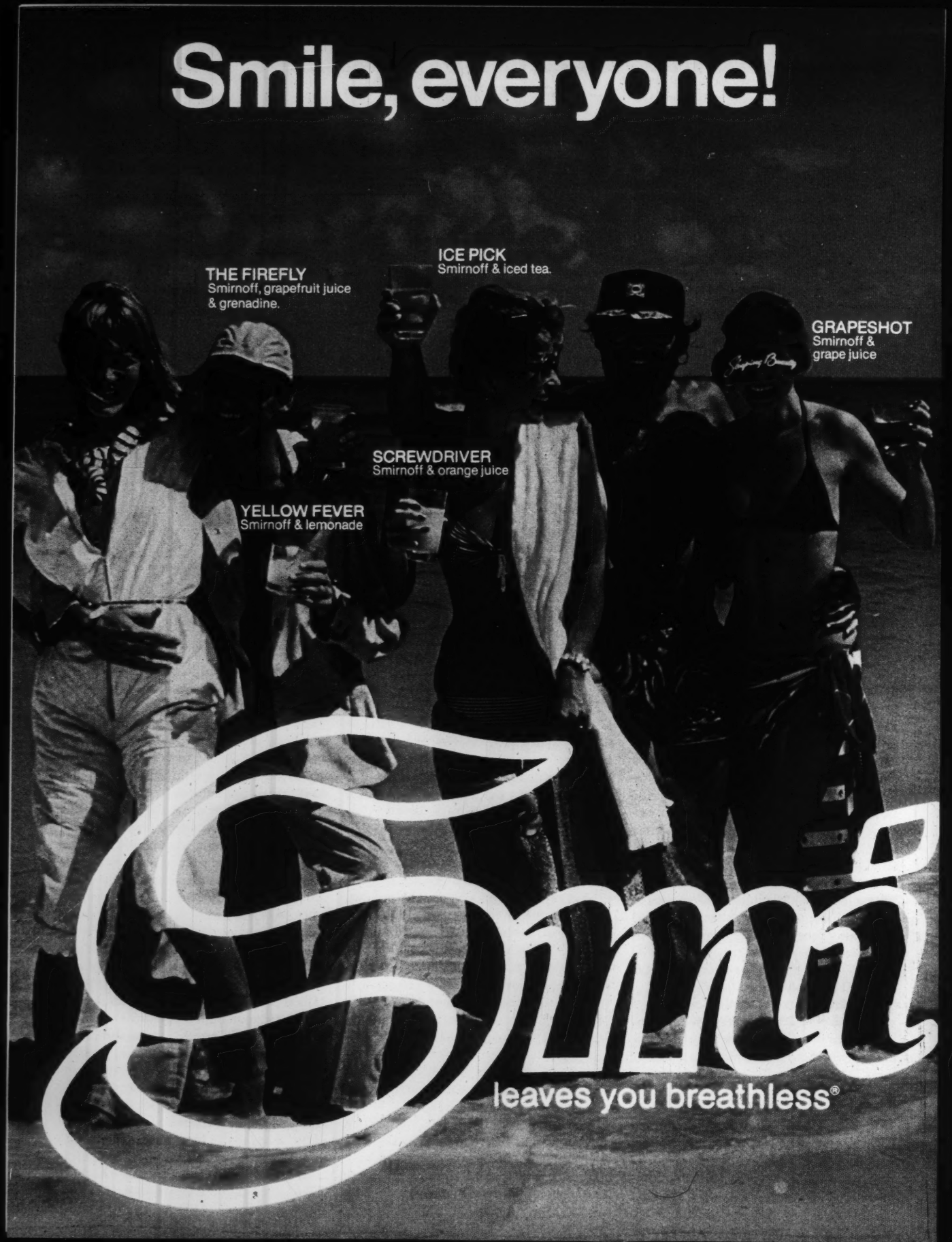
Five years after the U.S. and the Soviet Union signed the widely hailed SALT I pact (Strategic Arms Limitation Agreement), and two-and-a-half years after the broad goals of SALT II were agreed upon, the world—in the words of a Rand researcher—is "up to its ass in nukes." The United States' bulging nuclear arsenal today includes 8,500 nuclear warheads, Russia's 3,500. And those are only the biggies—the so-called strategic forces; another *20,000* tactical (shorter range) nuclear weapons are held by both sides. Yet, as sure as mushrooms follow a rain, both sides will add thousands more strategic warheads to their stockpiles, regardless of whether or not President Carter has his way and SALT II is finally signed this fall.

The reason is simple: after nine years, the SALT talks still have not progressed to the point where they are concerned with actual disarmament. Rather, they have been talks about how much more each side can go on adding to its nuclear force. SALT I, signed in May 1972, froze the number of strategic launchers allowed by both sides. But the real armaments action, then and now, was not in the quantity of launchers, but in the quality and quantity of warheads. In one of those euphemisms so dear to the Strangelovian set, that meant multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles—MIRVs. With MIRVs, a theoretically infinite number of warheads could be placed atop one missile. That was an opportunity no warrior could pass up, and none did. By the time the SALT talks started, the U.S. was already busy MIRVing its missiles, and Russia was not far behind.

When President Ford and Chairman Brezhnev decided to set general limits on MIRVs as well as launchers at Vladivostok in November 1974, the number of warheads possessed by each country had grown fantastically. Yet the two leaders set the MIRV limits so high (1,320) that neither side had yet reached that point. Naturally, the race to MIRV continued, and continues. All indications are that Washington and Moscow will use the Vladivostok figures when they sign SALT II, even though neither side has yet MIRVed that many missiles—and won't have for years.

Small wonder that while Henry Kissinger called the Vladivostok formula one that can "be justly described as a major breakthrough," former presidential science adviser Dr. George B. Kistiakowsky said that it "protects the arms race for the next ten years from interference by the arms controllers."

Indeed, the arms race remains unchecked, and the pace is faster than ever. Despite SALT, both sides are looking to the future as though there is no doubt there will be one. In the U.S. (and Russia has similar programs underway), production is going ahead on a new submarine, the Trident, which will become operational next year at an estimated cost of $949 million for each of the 11 on order. It will carry 24 missiles, each with 10 to 14 MIRVs or MARVs (MIRVs that can be maneuvered onto a target for pinpoint accuracy). Although President Carter has halted production of a fleet of B-1 bombers (each capable of carrying a 25,000-pound payload), a handful will nonetheless be built as possible chips in the armaments game. And, naturally, there is a stylish new missile for the eighties under study. Called the MX, it would carry 15 MIRVs, roll around on a railroad track so it could not be hit, and cost $34 billion for a network of 300. Finally, there is the long-range cruise missile, now being tested, that can buzz over land or sea at low altitudes for 1,500 miles, then dump a 200-kiloton nuke on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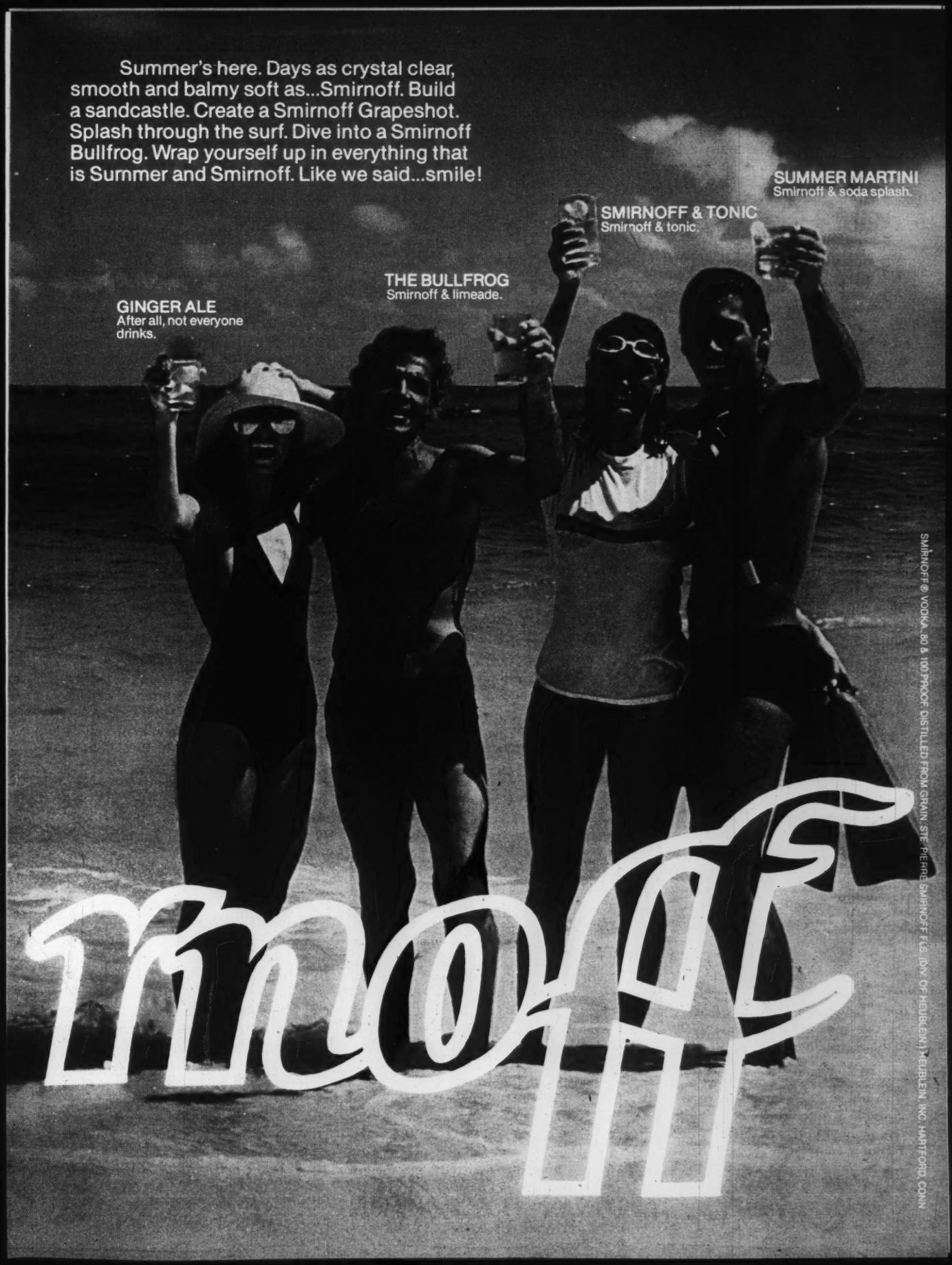
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There is really no need for such added overkill. As the reliable Stockholm International Peace Research Institute notes: "The nuclear arsenals of the USA and the USSR contain intercontinental ballistic missiles, medium-range ballistic missiles, intermediate-range ballistic missiles, short-range ballistic missiles, submarine-launched ballistic missiles, depressed-trajectory ballistic missiles, fractional-orbital bombardment systems, free-fall tactical bombs, free-fall strategic bombs, air-to-surface missiles, air-to-surface standoff missiles, air-to-air missiles, army artillery shells, naval artillery shells, howitzer projectiles, torpedoes, rocket torpedoes, depth charges, demolition devices, land mines, sea mines, antiballistic missiles, and so on."

This awesome array of killing machines has put the superpowers in a strategic position felicitously called Mutual Assured Destruction. It would take Lewis Carroll to do it justice, but an adequate definition was once provided by Dr. Herbert York, dean of the UCLA physics department and a private consultant to Secretary of Defense Brown. "For now and the foreseeable future," he said, "a nuclear exchange would result in the destruction of the two principals as nations, regardless of who strikes first."

Understandably, the acronym MAD has been coined by opponents of the strategy.

The actual achievement of SALT to date has been to preserve the state of MAD in which the superpowers find themselves. MAD becomes threatened if either side believes it can survive attack. That means that the development of an effective defense against nuclear attack is now as threatening to peace as the development of new offensive weapons. In the upside-down world of MAD, the most dangerous weapon of all is one that would save lives. As author John Newhouse explains in his book on SALT, *Cold Dawn*, "defending people is the most troublesome of all strategic options, for stability demands that each of the two societies stand wholly exposed to the destructive power of the other."

The great controversy over Russia's strategic intentions now raging in the U.S. intelligence community centers mainly on this question of defense. To some analysts, it appears that Russia is taking steps to save its population from nuclear destruction, a most unnerving development for MAD! The leading proponent of this view is George Keegan Jr., a major general who recently retired as the Air Force Chief of Intelligence. Something of a maverick in intelligence services because of his imaginative suspicions and "worst case" proclivities, Keegan has disagreed for years with the intelligence establishment's sanguine view that Russia merely seeks strategic parity with America.

"Today, because of the civil defense measures in the USSR," Keegan says, "I believe the United States is incapable of carrying out its assigned wartime retaliatory tasks of crippling the Soviet industrial economy, the essential civilian-military leadership, nuclear stockpiles and the basic fighting capacity of the USSR. What it all means is that the Soviets believe they can survive a nuclear war, not of course without suffering a great deal of damage in the process."

(At the end of last year, for the first time, a team of outside analysts, headed by history professor Richard Pipes, took part in drawing up the annual intelligence estimate of Soviet strategic intentions. Surprisingly, at least to the CIA, Pipes' team of outsiders agreed with Keegan's view.)

Most presidents have shared General Keegan's worry about the adequacy of America's nuclear power, though in a different way. While the general thinks that there is not enough of it, presidents have been frustrated by its indiscriminate destructiveness. "Power?" Lyndon Johnson used to wail during his Vietnam adventure. "The only power I've got is nuclear—and I can't use that." John Kennedy had suffered similar frustration a few years earlier. "What are my big bombs going to do to solve the problem?" he would ask. The answer was a new emphasis in the early 1960s on developing more and deadlier conventional weapons. Explained Kennedy, "The greater our variety of weapons, the more political choices we can make in any given situation." One of those choices was to enter Vietnam.

Within a few years, General William Westmoreland was able to prophesy the automated battlefield. "On the battlefield of the future," wrote then Army Chief of Staff Westmoreland in 1969, "enemy forces will be located, tracked and targeted almost instantaneously through the use of data links, computer-assisted intelligence evaluation and automated fire control. With first-round kill probabilities approaching certainty, and with surveillance devices that can continually track the enemy, the need for large forces to fix the opposition physically will be less important. I foresee a new battlefield array. I see battlefields or combat areas that are under 24-hour real or near-real time surveillance of all types. I see battlefields on which we can destroy anything we locate."

Westmoreland vowed at the time that "we will pioneer this new dimension in ground warfare and develop an integrated battlefield system." He was as good as his word. The day of the automated battlefield is here. The world witnessed its dawning in the Middle East on October 4, 1973. The Age of Aquarius it was not.

Together, the Jews and Arabs fielded a total of 8,100 tanks and 1,600 airplanes. Fighting was so heavy, and the weapons so effective, that even by World War II standards the rate of destruction was impressive. During the 18 days of fighting, over half of all the tanks and airplanes deployed were destroyed, and nearly 20 percent of the actual combatants became casualties. One Arab or Jew was killed every 1½ minutes and one was wounded every 23 seconds.

On the Golan Heights, Israeli pilots were faced with the first truly integrated air defense missile system in combat. Egyptian missile coverage (all Russian supplied) extended from ground level (SAM-6 and SAM-7) through medium altitude (SAM-3) to 70,000 feet (SAM-2 and SAM-6), well beyond the operational range of Israel's U.S.-made Skyhawks and F-4 Phantoms.

Though it was making its combat debut, the SAM-6 turned out to be the star anti-aircraft missile of the '73 war. Just over 20 feet long, it was highly mobile on the ground, flew at mach 3, was radar ground-controlled and also had an internal heat-seeking infrared sensor for homing in on the hot tailpipe of a jet. It was effective at both low and high altitudes, and extremely difficult to detect in flight. The SAM-6 could be launched, fly 20 miles and hit its target, all within 40 seconds—which partly explains why Israel in the first week of the war lost 78 planes. The U.S. hurriedly began searching (eventually successfully) for a system to counter the SAM-6. As Henry Kissinger told an Egyptian editor after the war, "The United States cannot, either today or tomorrow, allow Soviet arms to achieve a great victory over American arms."

In the midst of the electronic battlefield, the lowly infantryman came back into his own. The Egyptians had

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Donald Neff is the Jerusalem bureau chief of Time *magazine.*

two Soviet battlefield missiles that gave a single soldier the ability to knock out a tank: The Sagger and Snapper missiles were wire-guided and traveled at under 200 miles an hour. An operator using periscopic binoculars and a joystick guided the missile to its destination, visually correcting errors to keep it on track as it flew. The Israeli infantrymen had a limited number of U.S.-made TOWs (tube-launched, optically tracked, wire-guided), considerably more sophisticated than their Russian counterparts. The TOW flew at 480 miles an hour and all the operator had to do was keep the crosswires of a telescope aimed on the target. A sensor automatically tracked the missile, fed the results into a small computer and corrected the TOW's flight to match the telescope's aim.

Egyptian infantrymen also employed a small missile, the SAM-7 Strela, that could be fired from the shoulder and down a jet. A vehicle-mounted version that could be fired in salvos of four and eight missiles downed a number of Israeli Skyhawks (but no Phantoms, which were too fast for it).

With these missiles, infantrymen on both sides inflicted an enormous amount of damage. In fact, the Sagger and Snapper missiles were so deadly against tanks (Israel had 850 knocked out in the war) that some experts wondered if the day of the armored monsters was over; however, studies later showed that only about 20 percent of Israel's tank losses were due to missiles. Shells fired by other tanks were the prime culprits. Especially effective was the shaped charge shell which originated in World War II and has been greatly refined since.

One type of shaped charge has been christened HEAT (high explosive antitank) by the U.S., where it was developed. When the round smashes against a tank, the shell implodes into a cone of copper that turns into a high-velocity jet of molten metal so hot that it bores through the thick armor. Even in cases where the molten copper does not manage to penetrate the armor, it can incinerate the crew inside by heating up the tank as though it were a huge cauldron.

The electronic battlefield, in other words, has spawned such a devil's brew of new and lethal weapons that "conventional" arms are becoming almost as destructive and sophisticated as nukes. Yet those weapons are nothing compared to what is being cooked up in hundreds of U.S. research shops. In addition to the neutron bomb, there is, for example, the charged particle beam weapon. Like the hydrogen fluoride high-energy laser, the charged particle beam device would shoot out a powerful beam at nearly the speed of light, 186,000 m.p.h., so fast that it merely would have to locate a target to destroy it. Both beam and laser weapons are being researched here and in the Soviet Union as space weapons to combat satellites and missiles.

Advanced incendiary weapons, vastly hotter than napalm, are also being developed. Called controlled chemical fireballs, the weapons employ Triethylaluminum, or TEA, which burns at 4,100 degrees. When mixed with 1 percent of polysobutlene, it reportedly radiates enough thermal energy to destroy military targets, including, of course,

WIDE WORLD

Weapons like the portable laser rangefinder (above) keep the $300-billion-a-year arms race moving at an ever-brisker pace, SALT talks or not

people. And beyond these weapons, there is the specter of chemical and biological warfare, a black art unto itself. In recent years, the superpowers have agreed to outlaw biological weapons, but even if they really have stopped, research into chemical warfare continues at a brisk pace. One bright new idea is to use depleted uranium from atomic reactors or old bombs to make pellets, slugs and flechettes. The metal is heavier than lead, is contaminated by radiation and is self-igniting. Used in a concussion bomb, for instance, it would prove a most formidable killer.

Modern weapons are not cheap. Worldwide expenditures on "defense" budgets last year totaled $334 billion. (In terms of 1970 constant dollars, that compares with $65 billion in 1948 and less than $10 billion in 1900.) The Pentagon's proposed budget for next year is $120.4 billion. The Soviet annual arms budget is probably well above $130 billion, according to CIA estimates.

Just as the two superpowers spend most of the world's defense funds, they also provide most of the world's weapons. The U.S. last year sold $10 billion worth of arms; that is half of the $20 billion annual world trade in weaponry, and it makes America the world's largest arms dealer. Before the mid-1960s, the U.S. was extremely discriminating in the sale of weapons outside of the country and usually gave away only surplus arms. Western Europe and such old treaty partners as Turkey, Iran, Greece, Korea, Taiwan and the Philippines were all favored buyers. But then the Johnson Administration and later, at an accelerating pace, the Nixon-Kissinger Administration, discovered that diplomacy-by-arms-give-aways was easier than traditional diplomacy and began offering allies (and would-be allies) the very latest hardware.

To assure that more and more new weapons are developed each year, the industrial nations, mainly the U.S. and the USSR, spend annually $20 billion of their defense budgets on research. The efforts of about 400,000 scientists and engineers are devoted to this dark crusade throughout the world.

The focusing of so much money and brainpower on weapons research means that the entire arms industry is in a constant state of almost instant obsolescence. While it took from the beginning of mankind to the 14th century to discover the cannon, and from then until World War II to discover a family of "better" weapons like rockets, it took only about 30 years to develop electronic warfare.

As historian Carroll Quigley has observed, "weapons will continue to be expensive and complex. This means that they will increasingly be the tools of professionalized, if not mercenary, forces. All of past history shows that the shift from a mass army of citizen-soldiers to a smaller army of professional fighters leads, in the long run, to a decline of democracy. . . . The weapons obtainable by the state today are far beyond the pocketbook, understanding, or competence of the ordinary citizen."

Unless SALT can start focusing on real disarmament, and parallel talks are begun to hold down the equally dangerous race in conventional weapons, a decrease in democracy could soon be the least of our worries. On the day the nukes start flying and the death rays flashing, we will have no worries at all.●

Composting the Sixties

HEIRESS ABBY ROCKEFELLER BELIEVES SHE HAS DISCOVERED THE REAL RESIDUE OF THE MOVEMENT: ORGANIC HUMAN FERTILIZER

By Arthur Lubow

For Abby Rockefeller, the Movement wound up in a toilet. By 1970 she was tired. As a Marxist, she was hoping for the overthrow of capitalism. As a Rockefeller, she would someday inherit $25 million. The contradictions were beginning to get to her. And she was exhausted by the vicious bickering that was burning out the left. In the hothouse atmosphere of Cambridge radicalism, egos grew to monstrous sizes. Personalities overshadowed politics. She had done what she could, and she needed a rest. She wanted to cultivate her garden.

Although she continued to work with a feminist group in Cambridge, Abby spent more and more time at her New Hampshire farm. She worried less about how much money to give to SDS or *Ramparts* or the *Journal of Female Liberation*. She had new problems. There was, for example, the privy problem. During the day she'd work in her garden, located a few hundred feet from the house. It seemed ridiculous to walk a few hundred feet every time she needed to use a bathroom. She decided to build an outhouse. So her mind had already turned to the topic of toilets by November 1971, when Robert Rodale wrote "Goodbye to the Flush Toilet" in *Organic Gardening and Farming*, the magazine he edits.

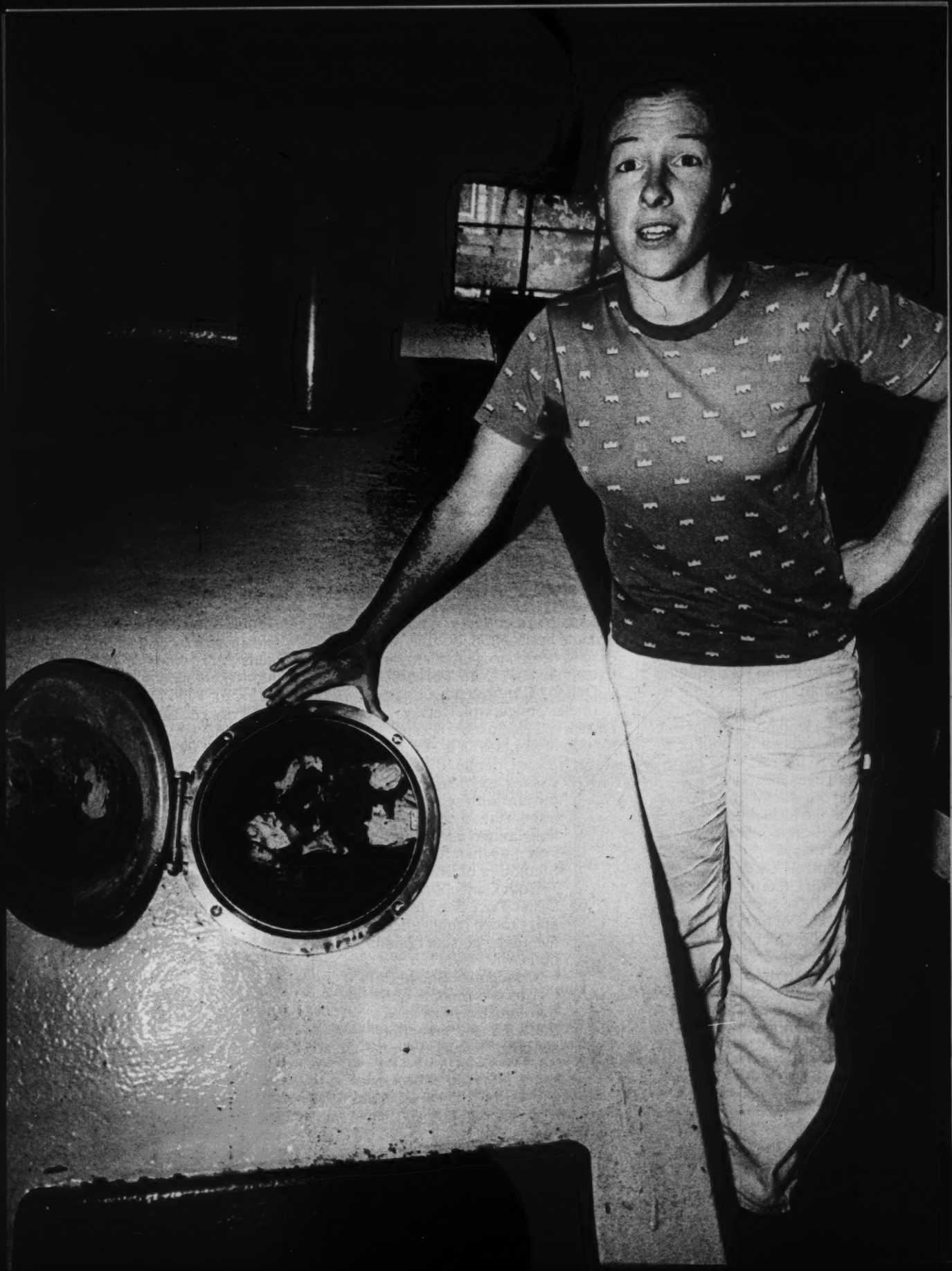
If *The Abby Rockefeller Story* is ever filmed, *Thus Spake Zarathustra* will be played as Abby reads the Rodale article. It was a revelation. Rodale wrote about a Swedish machine that took human waste and transformed it into fertilizer. "I was really struck," Abby remembers. "It's such a big thing. It felt profound to me. It was at the root of what was wrong. There was the environmental damage that comes from pouring sewage into the water. And there was the psychological damage. Flushing it away isn't good for you. Children realize that it's a source of trouble."

From Rodale she learned that Clivus Multrum, a small firm outside Stockholm, manufactured the revolutionary waste processor. "Clivus" is Latin for "leaning," and "Multrum" is a contraction of the Swedish words for "compost room." The Clivus Multrum channels excrement and organic garbage down a very mild incline (see box). During a two- or three-year journey, the waste becomes rich fertilizer, odorless and safe, perfect for a garden or farm. It was alchemy. Abby sent off a letter to Sweden. "I thought I wanted one of them, that they would exactly suit my needs," she says now. "But I was absorbed in the idea rather quickly. And my second letter said, did they need help?" They did need help. As Rodale wrote in a subsequent story: "Maybe someone reading this article will see here a good business and environment opportunity, and will make the Clivus toilet available to Americans." In the early summer of 1972, Abby suppressed her fear of flying and traveled to Tyreso, the Baltic home of Clivus inventor Rikard Lindstrom. She ordered two Multrums and began drawn-out negotiations for the American distribution rights. A year later she returned to Sweden to sign the papers. For "under $100,000" of her own money, she had become president of Clivus Multrum USA. Like her father, she was now a capitalist; she was not, however, a capitalist like her father.

"My father belives in the capitalist system," says Abby, 34, daughter of Chase Manhattan Bank chairman David Rockefeller. "He didn't have to be a businessman. He went into it as an affirmation of his belief in the principles. I'm doing it even though I don't believe in it. I'm doing it because the technology could one day change that whole psychology." Abby understood that the Clivus could change not just the psychology but also the physics and statistics of waste.

Material conditions have changed since Sir John Harington invented the water closet in 1596. What was once a brilliant device to prevent epidemics has become an egregious waster of water. Every flush consumes seven gallons. Combining dishwater with excrement in the sewage system fouls many more gal-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN



What if you don't take the Pill?

Some straight talk about three alternate methods of birth control.

It's no secret that some women decide the Pill is not for them. If you are one of these women, you may still be looking for a method of birth control you feel comfortable using.

Ortho—a leading manufacturer of the Pill—offers a number of alternatives to the Pill. Some are available only through your doctor. But three that are available without prescription are described below.

Conceptrol* Birth Control Cream

This is one of the simplest methods of birth control a woman can use. It is a gentle cream, formulated with one of the most effective spermicides used today. And it comes in tampon-like applicators that are prefilled with the correct amount for a single application. So they're easy to keep handy and simple to use. Just apply and discard.

Delfen* Contraceptive Foam

Unlike Conceptrol, Delfen comes with a reusable applicator you fill yourself. It is simple to use, gentle to sensitive tissues and disappears afterward with scarcely a trace. Already over a million women use Delfen Foam as their regular method of birth control.

Both Conceptrol and Delfen have been tested and proven highly effective under clinical conditions.

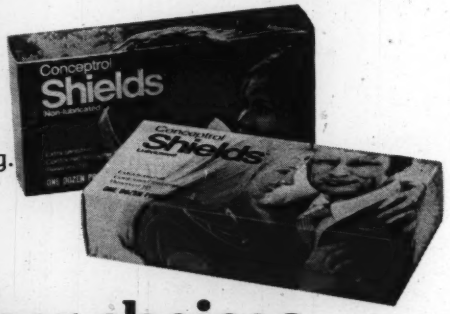
Conceptrol Shields*

This is a modern condom created from latex that's a sheer three-thousandths of an inch strong.

Tough but resilient, it's designed for comfort and sensitivity. Available in non-lubricated and special dry lubricant versions.

Simple instructions and additional information are packaged with each of these three methods.

Remember, no method of birth control can absolutely guarantee against pregnancy. For maximum protection, all methods—including these—must be used according to directions.



Ortho gives you other choices.

*Trademark ©1977 Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation

lons that might otherwise be retrieved. In a country that is plagued by recurrent droughts (these days almost one-third of the United States is suffering from water shortages), the flush toilet now seems worse than stupid: it is criminal. Once you realize that human waste contains valuable plant nutrients and is only called "waste" because people are wasting it, the proportions of this social transgression appear overwhelming. In such a context, the Clivus becomes more than a toilet. It is a concept.

Sigmund Freud would have giggled with delight at the idea of a Rockefeller collecting excrement. What better evidence for his equation of feces and money? John D. Rockefeller amassed gold; his great granddaughter gathers turds. The anal retentive impulse has crossed the generational gaps as effortlessly as a nervous sensation jumps synapses. It has only been modified by the cultural context. Libidinal motivations were once disguised, but no longer. Here at last, stripped of all sublimations, stands a paragon of the filthy rich, piling up excrement and turning it into money.

Abby could have established a nonprofit corporation to distribute the Multrum. She rejected that course. "I wanted it to be alive," she says. "I wanted it to be a real creature. In this economic system, it's a real creature if it's selling." Although she knew she "would learn what it was to be driven by the wheels of capitalism," she couldn't anticipate the rate of revolution. She now has "a visceral understanding of how capitalism works."

Consider the problem of competitors. When she set up her office in a wood frame house near Harvard Square, she knew that success would attract rivals as surely as flowers draw bees. "When I started I just wanted to get it going, and I thought that when competitors came in, I would be happy," she says. "But now, there's no way I'll be happy." She paces back and forth with nervous energy, her brown hair wrapped up in a businesslike bun, her dirty painter's pants rolled up to expose dirty bare feet. "I didn't know how mad it would make me."

Already the Multrum has competitors, machines that promise to do more for less money and bother. Although the rivals now are other small Swedish-based companies, Abby knows that the major toilet manufacturers are watching her progress, ready to run down the trail that she blazes. The tale of the Clivus bears remarkable parallels to the history of another Scandinavian contraption: the Earth shoe. In 1969 Ray and Ellie Jacobs decided to market it in America, although they knew nothing about the footwear industry. They became messianic about the shoe's negative heel. The sales took off. Elated, the Jacobses overlooked the seeds of disaster that were sprouting in their garden of Eden. The first competitors were small outfits, selling shoes that were cheaper and less physically demanding than the original. Their success encouraged Thom McAn to enter the scene. Eden had become an agribusiness. As the Jacobses watched, the American footwear industry adopted the style of the Earth shoe and ignored its substance. The oblique toe became conventional and the Earth shoe company went bankrupt.

The Clivus Multrum's two major competitors are smaller, quicker and cheaper than the Multrum, which has a hefty price tag of $1,685. "They're ripoffs," Abby says angrily. "They are making a claim they don't meet." Although they pretend to provide the benefits of the bulky Clivus, the smaller models cannot produce proper compost. "The volume is important," Abby says. "There is a certain critical mass you need for composting. It's the decomposition and the amount of time it stays in there that make it safe." Despite her criticism of dry mini-toilets, Abby is determined not to join the Jacobses in the dustbin of history. Clivus Multrum has just introduced a small electric dehydrator called a "bio-loo." Selling for about $800, it is designed "to fill our marketing gap and get us by," Abby says. "I opposed it for a while on principle. I didn't like the little electric ones, the idea and their claims. But this one is better. It's not a water user, and it allows you to do something with the final product. It is not an unmitigated capitalist compromise."

Like her father, Abby was now a capitalist; she was not, however, a capitalist like her father

Abby is prepared for a difficult fight, and she does not intend to lose. She is not only a Marxist; she is also a Rockefeller. "The ethical basis of a capitalist system is, 'You better win or you're no good,'" she says. "You're a moral failure if you fail in business." She realizes that this is a pernicious fiction. "I'm not so caught up in it that I don't see the insidiousness of it," she says. And yet, when you get right down to it, she can't stand the thought of failure.

When you play the capitalist game, you have to obey some of the rules. You can twist and stretch the rules, but you can't ignore them, for if you do, you are playing some other game, philanthropy perhaps, or public relations, but certainly not capitalism. Abby had an Arthur D. Little consultant, recommended by her family, check out the Multrum before she signed the papers. "That's what you do," she says with an apologetic laugh. "I'm not trying to prove that capitalism can be nice. I'm trying to get by because I think this technology is so important. We have a nice little company that has some loose ends, but you pay for those loose ends—capitalism knows exactly how much, and I can sense it. Sometimes I think, 'What are you doing running this half-assed organization, which is neither one way or the other?' But I couldn't do it any other way."

Three people work with Abby in the cluttered Clivus office, where desks compete for space with stacks of papers and models of Multrums. Bob Kaldenbach, formerly business manager of the defunct leftist magazine *Ramparts*, came on board early as sales manager. Susan Sandrof manages the office. And a year ago, Carl Lindstrom, the 34-year-old son of the inventor, joined the company. A tall, heavy-set man with a patchy blond beard, Carl is the engineer who installed the first American Multrum for Abby in 1973. He came to this country less to work with Multrums than to be with his girlfriend. He and Abby have been living together for two years.

Like most good engineers, Carl is a pragmatist. Abby is a purist. When they faced the Multrum's first big problem, the occasional smell, their instincts led them in opposite directions. The question of odor pops into the mind of the prospective Clivus buyer with the split-second speed of a Rorschach association. Abby stresses that the Clivus ventilation system eliminates odor nearly all the time. Working like a chimney, the exhaust pipe sucks up the hot gases given off by the compost pile. Sometimes in summer, though, when the outside air is hotter than the gases in the Multrum, no upward draft is produced and the smell appears. "It is basically a question of what people expect," Carl says. "It was thought at first that people would put up with some odor for a few days a year. Now we don't want to take a chance."

The mechanical solution to the odor problem was the addition of a small electric fan. Although Carl estimates that a 14-watt fan uses only $5 of elec-

tricity a year, he concedes that this energy waster depletes some of the Multrum's environmental glamor. At first Abby sided with Carl's father, a romantic high school art teacher who vigorously opposes any "improvements" on his simple device. But Carl eventually had his way. "There were endless meetings," Abby recalls. "Bob Kaldenbach was against the fan. He wanted the Clivus to keep its reputation of purity. Carl was more practical. It took me a while to agree with that." She looks at her roomy kitchen, which epitomizes the Cambridge aesthetic of whole-earth affluence. Corn hangs by the skylight. The larder creaks with tamari, organic vitamins, French sea salt, unpolished rice, Tiptree preserves, Perrier water and bee honey. A Le Creuset casserole sits next to a modern range, and a dishwasher hums in the background. "Here we live in a fantastic high-technology society, people living with advanced ovens and refrigerators," she says. "And I was participating in that. Look how I live! Why was I carrying on about a fan which uses a miniscule amount of energy?" The basic unit now includes a fan and, at a small price in purity, produces no odor.

There are still some bugs to work out of the Multrum. Most of them are flies. During the first year of use, and sometimes longer, the composting material (which both Abby and Carl tactfully refer to as "it") attracts hordes of insects. No one knows exactly where they come from. Fruit-fly eggs may be found on vegetable garbage. House flies may lay their eggs above the exhaust pipe. Whatever their origins, once the eggs penetrate the system, they are home free. Without natural predators, all the eggs hatch into flies. It's a bit unsettling to raise a toilet seat and be greeted by a bevy of buzzing insects. "If two or three come out when you're using it, that's annoying," Abby says. The company is investigating methods of natural predator control. After a year or two, Abby promises, predators appear naturally and the system settles down. In the meantime, she recommends pesticides.

The other outstanding difficulty is excess liquid. Recently the company decided that the run-off has the same chemical composition as the final compost and is therefore part of the solution, not the problem. But a year ago, complaints about the brown water led Carl to add an electric heating coil to the Multrum. Not long afterward, a Multrum in Maine caught fire and the owner's house burned to the ground. Carl says the fire was caused by an electrician's error, but he discontinued production of coils.

An equally disastrous fire occurred in New Hampshire last fall, when someone dumped hot ashes down his Clivus. "You can't throw cigarettes in this toilet," Abby warns. Because the decomposition of wastes radiates heat, the Multrum can quickly become a furnace. At the time of the fire, the company was experimenting with polyvinyl chloride exhaust pipes. The fire canceled that experiment. When polyvinyl chloride burns, it gives off a corrosive smoke that destroys fabric, metal and wood. After the New Hampshire house was ruined, the company switched over to metal pipes.

There have been other, less costly mistakes. Before trying polyvinyl chloride, the company manufactured polyethylene pipes. They cracked. A group of improperly made fiberglass tanks developed pinhole leaks. Yet these miscalculations haven't dampened the ardor of the pioneers who bought the first Multrums. "We had a problem with flies, ants and mites, and last summer we had to run the fan because there was some smell, but now it works well," says Magdalena Sturges, who lives near Kingston, New York. "You have to know what to feed it. If you give it too many papers, it will dry out." Mrs. Sturges says her guests love it: "The only thing they miss is putting their hand back to flush." Julian Whittlesey of Wilton, Connecticut, has had "almost no problems, with the minor exception of fruit flies." Once he dropped fresh horse manure down the hatch as an experiment. The resulting clouds of flies have discouraged him from indulging other fits of scientific curiosity. The owners emphasize that the Clivus is alive; after sharing your home with it for a while, you understand it better.

There are still some bugs to work out of the Clivus Multrum. Most of them are flies

It has taken some time to determine the proper ratio of high-carbon kitchen garbage to high-nitrogen human waste. It seems that a ten-to-one proportion is ideal for the bacteria that turn refuse into compost. During the first year, Abby needed to import outside garbage to get a good mix. She collected the droppings of Le Bocage, a nearby French restaurant that in its high prices, excellent food and ostentatious simplicity represents the ultimate in whole-earth affluence. A half-eaten salmon mousse felt right at home in a Rockefeller Multrum.

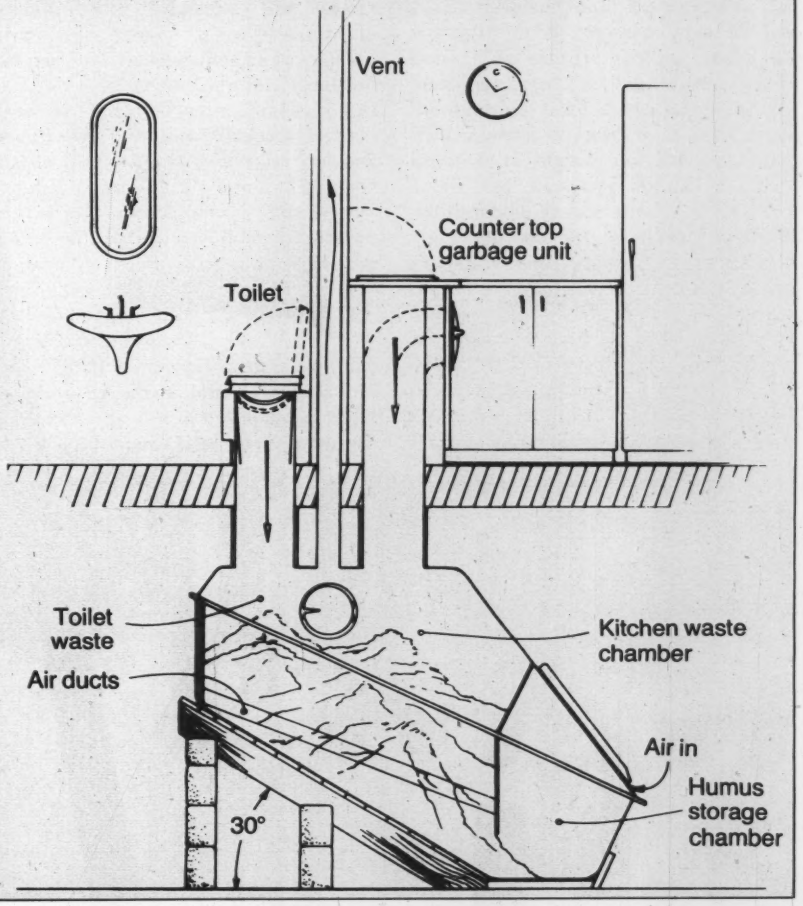
Indeed, it is no accident that Clivus Multrum USA is based in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The office fits in among the other wooden houses that have been subdivided into small think tanks, ethnic restaurants, esoteric journals and fledgling businesses. Abby has lived in Cambridge since she was 18. Her five brothers and sisters and several cousins also live there. "New York was too loaded," Abby says. "Here, there's a mixture of city and country. There are intellectual possibilities. There is diversity available. There are certain pieces, fragments of New York, but on a much smaller scale." There is also a reverse snobbery that emanates from Harvard. It is unpardonably gauche to acknowledge that someone down the hall is the daughter of a former president or, as in Abby's case, the eventual inheritor of $25 million. Elsewhere, the rich may be different. In Cambridge, they are just part of the mix.

Abby didn't go to Harvard. After Miss Chapin's School and Milton, where she was miserable, she retired to Cambridge for recuperation, cello playing and psychoanalysis. Eventually she graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music. She became friendly with people who discussed the world in Marxist terms and began to analyze the singular circumstances of her life. "Any striking event can throw one in an existential quandary," she recalls. "The fact of the money did it for me. As I was getting to be 21, I realized I couldn't behave as if I didn't have it. My choices were to believe in a God and divine right, or not to believe in divine right. I decided against divine right, so I then had the choice of whether to take it as an accident and good luck, or as illegitimate, to be renounced. Hearing the beginnings of political talk made me decide not to give it up, but to use it for stuff I liked."

So, in the early sixties, already active in draft resistance, Abby Rockefeller began to hand out money to left-wing supplicants. She was dispensing $50,000 a year in leftist largesse. "I had the view that I could give it away carelessly and not worry what they did with it," she says. "I gave to whoever pushed. What the hell. It was better than the federal government or the CIA getting it. But it made me get run over a lot and it fed my willingness to get pushed around." By 1968 she was devoting most of her time to feminism, helping set up a group called Cell 16 that published the *Journal of Female Liberation*. As her individual contribution, she wrote an arti-

Abby's Favorite John

Human waste and kitchen refuse are channeled through separate pipes into the Clivus Multrum. Sliding very slowly along the bottom of the fiberglass tank, the waste is converted by bacteria into rich fertilizer by the time it reaches the storage chamber. During the two-to-three-year process, harmful bacteria are usually eliminated and the garbage is reduced in bulk by 95 percent. An opening for air intake permits the survival of valuable aerobic bacteria. An exhaust vent, with the occasional assistance of a fan, draws up the foul-smelling gases produced by decomposition. The final product in the storage chamber (which is large enough to hold several years' worth of compost) is odorless black soil.



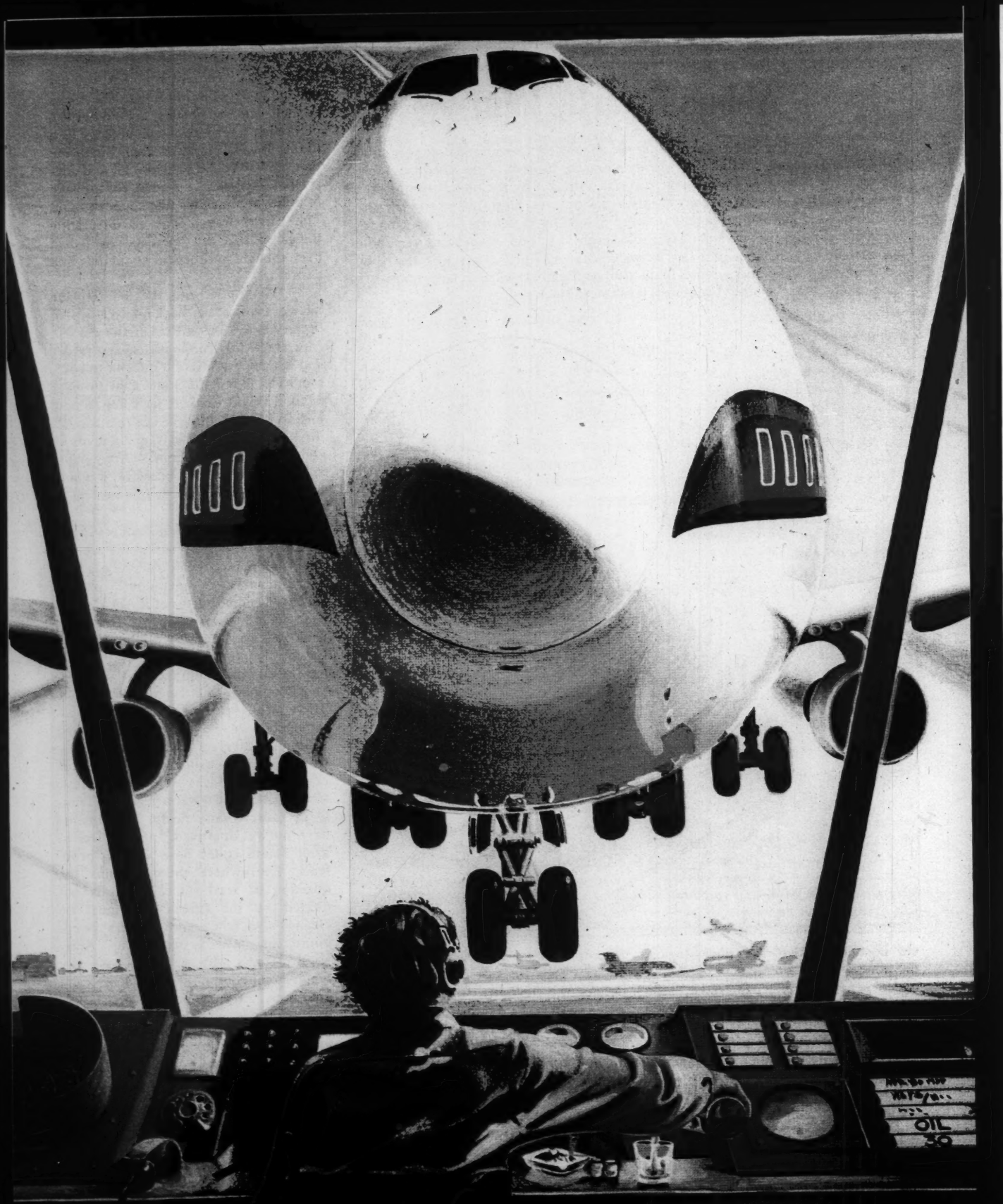
cle postulating that the physiological differences between the sexes—"between penetrator and penetratee," she says—cause inevitable friction between men and women. She studied Tae Kwon Do, a Korean variation of karate. "But there was only so much the feminist movement could do without burning itself out or going crazy," she says. "There's only so much you can do in this economic system. You can just get so far and then there's no room. It got to that stage." By 1970 she was tired. By 1972 she was through.

Her discovery of the Multrum led her to a new sort of activism, one that combined the zeal of the sixties with the back-to-the-land good vibes of the seventies. The Rockefeller black sheep donned the capitalist wolf's clothing. It was a good fit. "I'd rather do this than go to the country and live right," she says. "I'm not unsympathetic to that. There may be a time when it's good for people to be introspective. But this feels good to me."

In the late sixties, environmentalism was scorned by most radicals as a mystifying smoke screen, a reactionary diversion from the antiwar movement and the attack on capitalism. "I came to feel, but I supressed it, that it was horrendous to consider social interests to be antithetical to environmental interests," Abby says. "The environment was my childhood passion. My father is interested in insects and beetles, my mother is a naturalist. I read books on ecology as a kid. I always regretted abandoning the things I had found pleasure in, and considered important as a child, for the sake of political principles that sounded right. The Clivus was a way of integrating things so that my interests which had been thought antithetical could now find a forum."

Her entry into the marketplace has not brought her back into the bosom of her family. David Rockefeller doesn't care much for Communists, and father and daughter still find it difficult to communicate. But if SDS and Cell 16 were beyond David Rockefeller's ken, a new business is something he can relate to. "I think he's interested in it, and it gives us something to talk about," Abby says. "If the company is successful, it would be a victory in his eyes. It would make him very happy."

Success is still a distant prospect. As Carl says, the Clivus "at the present time is more an educational process than a moneymaking operation." About $600,000, three-fourths of it Abby's, has been sunk into the company. This year, if all goes well, the firm will break even for the first time. About 600 Multrums have been installed in the United States, and 300 more will be sold this year. There are Multrums in 40 states, although only Maine, New Hampshire and Kentucky have completely removed legal obstacles. In drought-ridden California, where flushless toilets could save 40,000 gallons of water a year for a family of four, county health departments have not yet approved. In other states, local health codes pose varying problems. Everywhere there remains the question of washwater, which is not treated by the Clivus and must be cleaned somehow before it enters the environment. "This is premature," Abby says. "That's why we don't have any major competitors. The obstacles were enormous. My ignorance was enormous." She is, nonetheless, confident of eventual success. And for Abby Rockefeller, success means more than black entries in the ledger. She believes that the Clivus is "the link between social interests and environmental concerns." It is also a link between decades. An artifact of the back-to-nature seventies, the Clivus can advance the revolution of the sixties. To some people, the idea of a Rockefeller using a capitalist business as a wedge against the capitalist system may seem amusing. But as Abby says: "It feels good to me." ●



OUT OF CONTROL

By David Martindale

Air controllers are commonly plagued with dreams of crashes—accidents which claim dozens of lives. Sometimes, the nightmares come true

As soon as Monte Bradford left work on October 21, 1976, he began drinking. By 11 o'clock that night he'd polished off at least a half-pint of vodka—maybe more—a few scotch-and-waters, and several beers. Still, it wasn't enough. Shortly before midnight, a weary Bradford stopped at the Twenty Grand Nightclub in L.A. and downed a couple of brandy-and-waters. The manager thought Bradford seemed depressed, upset. After leaving the club, Monte Bradford went to see his girlfriend, Joyce Johnston. She wasn't home, so he drove to a nearby Watts liquor store and bought some more vodka.

It was about 1 a.m.; Bradford knew he should be getting home, he had to go to work the next morning. But before he reached the freeway, he took one last drive past Joyce's home. This time her car was in the driveway. Barely conscious of what he was doing, Bradford stopped the car, got out, staggered to the porch. The revolver he carried for protection bumped dully at his side. He knocked on the door.

What happened next is unclear. Bradford recalls a brief conversation. He claims he doesn't remember what was said. Moments later, Joyce Johnston was lying face down on the living room floor, with four bullets in her body.

It wasn't until the next day that Bradford finally learned what he had done. The murder did not make the headlines in the L.A. papers the following morning; instead, the headlines that Friday were devoted to a fatal plane crash over Marina del Ray—a crash, some feel, that was intimately linked with Joyce Johnston's death.

On the day of the murder, 40-year-old Monte Bradford was working as the acting chief at the FAA control tower at busy Santa Monica Airport. He was no stranger to pressure. For nearly 20 years, Bradford had been an air traffic controller; much of that time had been spent in the tower at nearby Los Angeles International. Now, he was responsible for the performance of all the controllers at the general aviation field.

At 2:20 that afternoon, Bradford had just returned from lunch and was climbing the stairs to the tower cab when one of the secretaries rushed down shouting: "Monte, we've just had a mid-air collision." Bradford's heart sank. All he could mutter was a hasty "Oh, shit!" as he scaled the stairs three at a time.

The tower cab was in a state of confusion. A rookie controller had been in radio contact with two planes: an Aerocommander inbound to Hughes Field, a few miles away, and a Beechcraft inbound to Santa Monica. Even though the trainee was being monitored by a fully qualified controller, neither man had been able to prevent the mid-air crash. All three occupants were killed.

Five controllers were on duty at the time. Bradford relieved them from their positions—standard procedure under the circumstances—so they could make personal statements, listen to the tapes of their radio transmissions and, most of all, settle down.

But no one was there to relieve Monte Bradford. The pressure was on. The trainee was near hysteria. The phones were nonstop: the media wanted

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"Absolutely," they said.

But then, when almost 7,000 Rabbits disappear from our showrooms in one week alone, we think there's more to the story.

Looking deeper, for example, we found we were getting some unexpected help from an unlikely source.

General Motors, to be exact.

They've been running advertisements comparing their Buick Opel to Datsun B-210, Toyota Corolla, Subaru DL, and the Volkswagen Rabbit.

The results? Among other things the Rabbit showed up with the most interior room, the most trunk space, and the best acceleration.

We quote their conclusion: "Let's put it this way: we didn't win. Well, alright, if you insist, we'll put it this way: Rabbit won."

Moving along to Scirocco, our true sports car.

The Scirocco has been moving along quite nicely on the road as well as in the showroom.

With acceleration from 0 to 50 in an astonishing 7.5 seconds.

And with front-wheel drive that literally pulls you around corners.

Last year, Scirocco was the Trans Am Champion in the under-2-liter class.

And this year, Fortune Magazine named it one of the 25 best-designed factory-made products available in America, right along with a helicopter, a sailboat, and a Cadillac Seville. (Incidentally, the Cadillac and a

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buying Volkswagens build them?

Porsche Targa were the only other cars mentioned.)

Finally, we come to Dasher, which has been impressing everyone with its room and well-thought-out design.

"Room?" you ask.

"Just open the door," we answer.

Inside our beautifully appointed 2-door and 4-door Dasher sedans you'll find more room than 48 other cars you could buy. More room than any Datsun, Toyota, or Honda. And more room than most American cars in its class.*

Dasher also comes in a wagon with more cargo area than any car in its class.*

No other cars except diesels give you all that room with all the gas mileage of a Dasher.*

All three Volkswagens get 24 MPG in the city. Dasher gets 36 MPG on the highway, Rabbit and Scirocco get 37. (EPA estimates with standard transmissions. Actual mileage depends on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and car's condition.)

Does all this mean you might wind up on a waiting list for a Volkswagen?

"Not usually," we answer.

But you might have to be patient.

After all, we put a lot of time and care into building our cars.

We even employ 13,500 inspectors to insure the quality of every car we make. And we insist that they take their time.

Volkswagens may be multiplying like Rabbits.

But they're not something you can pull out of a hat.

Economy without sacrifice

*January 1977 EPA Guide.

to know what had happened—and why; the FAA wanted to know who was to blame; anxious relatives of local pilots wanted to know if their loved ones were all right. Monte Bradford was the man in the middle.

Those who know him believe that it was more than just coincidence that Monte Bradford's murder of Joyce Johnston followed the mid-air collision at Santa Monica by less than 12 hours. By all accounts, he is not a violent man. No one recalls him ever quarreling with the 22-year-old victim. Bradford's friends are convinced that he was reacting to the stressful events of the day—that, psychologically, he had been pushed to his limits and that Joyce Johnston was the unfortunate victim in a tragic chain of events linked directly to the nerve-wracking task of monitoring air traffic.

Few controllers have ever been charged with a crime, least of all first-degree murder. But the gnawing threat of mid-air collisions, the constant demand for hairbreadth accuracy, and the fast-paced, no-mistake bustle of the job often take a staggering physical and psychological toll over the years. By their mid-thirties many controllers who work at busy airports start to crack up. In the control rooms they have a name for it: burn-out.

Over the last ten years, literally thousands of controllers have left their jobs because of stress-related disabilities that the Department of Labor has certified as directly linked to their jobs. Some of these men are now in extended psychotherapy. Others, plagued with peptic ulcers and hypertension, are still monitoring the airways, popping Gelusil tablets like aspirins and drinking heavily between shifts, desperately trying to unwind. Yet, remarkably, the Federal Aviation Administration, which supervises the air traffic system and hires the nation's 22,000 controllers, insists there is no cause for alarm—that stress in controllers is merely a hypothesis and that the whole issue of controller burn-out is a media phenomenon perpetuated by controllers hell-bent on hoodwinking the FAA.

Controllers are the cowboys of 20th century technology—the John Waynes of the airways who ride roughshod on the Cessnas and 747s that stampede above them. Almost all are men, the kind of guys you'd expect to find racing dirt bikes and drinking Coors, tough hell-raisers who idolize Kojak, Dirty Harry and Baretta, and who would feel more comfortable at a National Rifle Association picnic than at a seminar sponsored by the ACLU.

Most of these guys are young, in their late twenties or early thirties. In fact, the FAA refuses to even hire someone for the job once he reaches 32. Few have been to college—college grads are too analytical, ask too many questions—and few could earn as much in any other profession: a modest $11,500 to start, but rising quickly after that. Controllers at busy places like Chicago's O'Hare can earn more than $35,000 a year.

But the lure is not so much the money as the challenge: "Am I man enough to hack this job? Here, watch this!" And it's the power. A chance to play God, dispensing instant life-and-death decisions. The FAA promotes this image: "Talking with controllers," one FAA recruitment brochure notes, "you get the impression that these are a special breed—tough-minded, alert, not quite ordinary people. Which figures. It's not an ordinary job."

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MARTINDALE

Burn-out: For Monte Bradford, the mid-air collision was the beginning of an endless nightmare

Most airline passengers take more notice of the porter who carries their bags than they do of controllers. No wonder. Controllers are removed, distant. Ensconced in the tower like jet-age lepers, these modern-day sharpshooters often seem little more than blurry kinetic silhouettes shuffling about at some obscure task only remotely connected with aviation.

Yet without controllers in the airport towers, places like O'Hare and La Guardia would become jet-age ghost towns. Nothing would move. Controllers are to aviation what Mission Control is to space travel. From their birdlike perch, they monitor flights on the last leg of their final approach, issue takeoff and landing clearances and keep the terminal traffic flowing between the runways and the gates.

In the TRACON (terminal radar approach control room), glib-talking young men stare through the haze of their cigarette smoke into dimly lit computerized radar scopes. Surrounding them is an array of sleek electronic equipment and pulsing colored lights resembling a set for *Star Wars*. The controllers' job: to thread departing traffic through the ever-shifting maze of blips on their screen and line up incoming aircraft on their final approach into the airport—often 12 at one time at busy airports. Still, the men find time for the same kind of grab-ass horseplay and off-color banter you'd find in the locker room of the New York Rangers. It's a tension release. A much needed psychic safety valve in which fast, crisp commands to pilots are punctuated by exclamations: "Fuck," "Shit," "Piss!"

And then there are the en route centers, where controllers monitor high-altitude flights and "hand-off" airplanes from one sector to the other, conversing with both seasoned pros and student pilots alike. Each day, controllers at the 23 centers in the U.S. sit before gadget-studded radar consoles juggling the jumping blips—a high-stakes game of three-dimensional aerial Pong.

Regardless of where a controller works, the rule is still the same: keep the aircraft apart. It sounds simple. But, with as many as four dozen jets waiting to land, it isn't. "I can vector those planes, slow them down, tell them to circle, or string them out in a daisy chain," said one controller, "but the one thing I *can't* do is tell them to stop."

Of course not all controllers work at busy facilities. Many pass time at small general aviation airports where, on weekdays, only a handful of planes might take off. "The biggest problem here," said one controller, staring out at an empty runway of a small Illinois airport, "is boredom."

There is no boredom at ulcer mills like Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta and New York. On a recent visit to O'Hare, the world's busiest airport, I parked along a spur road that runs perpendicular to one of the seven runways. I wanted to be able to watch the action on the field. Usually O'Hare operates "two-and-two": two runways for takeoff and two

David Martindale, a Chicago-based free lance, used to work as a gate agent at O'Hare International.

for landing. On this particular day, three runways were being used for takeoffs, occasionally even a fourth, and two for landing. The aerial choreography was flawless: Delta—run, kick and leap northeast. Make way for Braniff—run, kick, leap northwest, crossing Delta's trail. Continental—run, kick and leap in a parallel path to Braniff. All three quickly heavenbound so United from the west can cross, drop, run and taxi. The ballet lasted less than 45 seconds.

But split-second maneuvering is only part of being a controller—and for some of the men, the easiest part. It's the other things controllers have to cope with that generate the problems. Manpower shortages are often acute, particularly at the busier facilities. Places like Chicago and Los Angeles centers operate with only 60 percent of their authorized quota of fully qualified journeymen controllers. The job is so demanding, many trainees wash out—some in a couple of weeks. Others transfer to a less hectic facility. Training often takes more than a year and is extremely expensive: $55,000 per controller, according to FAA estimates. And despite the installation of new computerized radar simulators, the bulk of training is still being done on live traffic—airplanes with passengers and crews. The instructor: a controller.

"It's bad enough you have to work a difficult position by yourself," says one ex-jet-jockey, "but then they make you work with some rookie who can fuck up and kill everybody in the blink of an eye." Says another controller, "I had to beg *not* to have a trainee. After the first year, I had a trainee married to me almost constantly."

Then too, there's always the chance of mechanical failure: during the busy rushes the ARTS-3 computerized radar system has been known to suddenly black out. To a controller monitoring ten or twelve airplanes, even a 30-second outage seems like a lifetime. Yet there's little he can do except "scramble like hell." The controllers claim they've bitched to the FAA, asking for a back-up computer. But so far they haven't gotten it. The reason: money. Dave Rambeau, a 9-year veteran at O'Hare, is bitter: "They don't have to sit in those chairs and sweat day in and day out. When a pilot crashes, okay, he's gone with the passengers. So much for his responsibility. But when we have an incident, we have to live with it the rest of our lives."

If controllers worked 9-5, maybe they'd have an easier time of coping with the hassles of their jobs. But they don't. Since all centers and most control towers have to be manned around the clock, shift work and rotating hours are standard. Sometimes it's simply a week of days followed by a week of evenings, then a week of midnights. More often, controllers opt for what the FAA calls a "2-2-1" shift: two evenings, 3-11; a quick eight-hour turnaround; two days, 7-3; another eight-hour turnaround; one midnight shift, 11-7; finally, a long weekend. Controllers aptly call the shift "the Rattler."

The stress, the hours, all take their toll on home life. At the busier facilities, a divorce is as much a badge of the profession as an ulcer or high blood pressure. Says an O'Hare controller, "When you've had a bad day, you're sick to your stomach and you're tense and you go home, who's there for you to take it out on? You take it out on your wife, or else you beat the shit out of the dog. You're beat. You want to go to sleep or else you just want to have a few drinks and crap out."

Sometimes a few drinks aren't enough. Monte Bradford, his own life shattered by alcohol, has vivid recollections of heavy drinking among controllers he worked with at L.A. Tower.

There is one rule: Keep the jets apart. That sounds simple, but it isn't. "I can vector those planes, slow them down, string them out in a daisy chain," says one controller. "But I can't tell them to stop"

"When we left work, it wasn't *are* we going to drink," says Bradford, "but *where*. We used to get off at 7 in the morning and drink very lightly until 1, just sauced up on beer. Then we would start to do some heavy drinking. When you get done talking to 500 airplanes, you just can't go home and go to sleep. You have to have a beer or a scotch-and-water, or else you do as some guys do, and reach under the seat of your car and open up a bottle."

When asked what percentage of controllers have a mild drinking problem, Bradford turns the question around: "What percentage of guys *don't* have a mild drinking problem? I know guys who've been fired by the FAA for falsifying records about driving under the influence of liquor. I've also seen guys come to work so sloshed that I've taken them away from work as a favor." In effect, the buddy system—you cover for me when I'm drunk, and I'll do the same for you.

At Chicago Center, Colin Smith, president of PATCO (Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization), estimates that at least 20 percent of the 338-man crew have a bad drinking problem. Even Roger Brubaker, FAA chief of the facility, candidly admits to a dilemma: "We have people here where you can smell alcohol on their breath, and when we know that, and it's reported, we pull them off the position and we don't put them back to work."

Like pilots, controllers are forbidden by the FAA from drinking eight hours before their shifts. Are there times when the controllers ignore that rule? Says Brubaker, "Hell yes, that happens. They're here with hangovers all the time. The only way I can stop that is to impound the guys eight hours before they come to work."

Yet, officially, the FAA in Washington poo-poo's the idea that there's any cause for alarm. "Drinking is no greater a problem for controllers," says Dr. Barton Pakull, acting chief of the FAA's behavioral sciences division, "than it is with the general population." When pressed on the point, Dr. Pakull admits the FAA is supposed to have a policy for helping problem drinkers, but that such a rehabilitation program is still in the works. With no help coming from the FAA or PATCO, some controllers sneak off to AA meetings for help. Ironically, they have to keep their membership a secret from the agency for fear of losing their jobs.

Drinking acts as a much needed, albeit often abused, downer from the highs of juggling airplanes. It also helps controllers forget what can happen if they make a mistake. Every controller lives with "the fear"—the haunting dread of being responsible for a major tragedy such as the recent collision of two 747s in the Canary Islands that killed 577 persons. Most controllers have had their "deals"—the euphemism for a close call. "It's not actually working the traffic that's stressful," says Dave Rambeau, "it's the waiting. What's going to happen unusual? Will I make a mistake? Will something go wrong?"

Sometimes it does.

On December 20, 1972, a Delta Convair 880 landed at O'Hare. Visibility: an eye-straining quarter-mile in soupy fog. Contacting the Delta jet, a 21-year-old controller directed the plane to a holding area to await a gate: "Okay, if you can just pull over to 32 pad," said the controller.

O'Hare has *two* 32 pads—one at the end of Runway 32-Left, the other at the end of Runway 32-Right. The controller, unable to see the Delta jet, assumed the plane was on the right side of the field and would head for the 32-Right pad. He was wrong. The Convair was headed for the 32-Left pad. En route, Delta crossed an active runway. Another controller cleared a North Central Airlines DC-9 for takeoff—on the same runway. At the last minute the North Central crew spotted the Delta jet. It was too late: the DC-9 slammed into the tail of the Convair and burst into flames. Ten passengers died.

The controller who instructed Delta that night paid dearly for his mistake. Besides a shattered career, he underwent severe depression, a suicide attempt and prolonged psychotherapy. In other countries, controllers can even face prison terms for their carelessness. In May 1977, a judge in Zagreb sentenced a Yugoslavian controller to seven years hard labor for criminal negligence in a September 1976 mid-air collision that claimed 176 lives. The controller's mistake: inadvertently assigning two converging aircraft to the same altitude.

Little wonder controllers are often plagued with ulcers and hypertension. During the nationwide "sick-out" in 1970, Dr. Richard Grayson, a private physician, examined 111 controllers from O'Hare and Chicago Center. He found that 36 of the men actually had X-ray evidence of peptic ulcers; another 50 showed symptoms of developing ulcers. A 1972 Boston University study showed similar findings. When FAA medical records of pilots and controllers were compared, the incidence of peptic ulcers was twice as common among controllers as pilots. Even more alarming, hypertension plagued controllers at four times the rate of airmen.

Other controller maladies run the gamut of stress-related disorders: skin problems, allergies, loss of appetite, sexual dysfunction and insomnia. Even for those controllers who *can* fall asleep, dreams often turn to nightmares. One L.A. controller startled the hell out of his wife one night by suddenly sitting up in bed and shouting, "Did you ever know what it's like to see a dead body fall out of an airplane without a parachute?"

The FAA's own studies, conducted by the agency's Civil Aeromedical Institute in Oklahoma City, tend to confirm the link between stress and air traffic control. In a 1971 study performed at O'Hare, agency doctors measured the amount of phospholipids in the controllers' plasma. Phospholipids are fatty compounds that increase in proportion to the stress perceived in environmental or work stimulus. The results: "The air traffic control personnel had a total phospholipid count significantly higher than the control and stressed groups that have been studied, ***higher even than Navy pilots exposed to combat in Vietnam.***" (italics added)

The same study showed that controllers had heart rates substantially higher than a control population of the same age. It concluded: "All measurements indicate that the controllers are generally in a state of sympathetic excitation, particularly on the evening shift. This state is probably accounted for by the controllers' intense concern for the separation of aircraft."

Yet, according to the FAA, an "intense concern for the separation of aircraft" is no excuse for getting sick. Bill Flener, FAA associate administrator for air traffic and airways facilities, claims "There is no factual medical proof that there is stress and strain on the controller work force." FAA's Dr. Pakull agrees: "It's almost impossible to demonstrate the hypothesis that there's such a thing as stress which causes illness."

In a limited sense, he's right. Most medical experts agree that stress alone cannot cause disease. Other factors—age, genetic predisposition, immunity and general health—also play a role. But it's no secret that stress-related disorders are the number-one killers in America; as Dr. Daniel X. Freedman, professor of psychiatry at the University of Chicago, notes, "Stress is how you perceive it." Referring to controllers, he comments, "Whether the job is stressful or not, they're reacting as if it *is* stressful because that's how they're perceiving it." As a result, many succumb. According to the FAA, 2,047 controllers were medically disqualified from their jobs between May 1972 and March 1977. This figure takes into account only those who met the Department of Labor's stringent standards for disqualification, and not those disqualified according to the Civil Service laws.

Although not all controllers, even the ones at the busier facilities, perceive their jobs as pressure-filled powderkegs, the ability to cope is, to a large extent, inversely proportional to age. Certainly the job takes a far greater toll once a man reaches 35 and 40. Says Bob Poli, executive vice-president of PATCO and former controller at Cleveland Center: "When I was 23 years old, there was no question in my mind that I thought the stress thing was the biggest bunch of bullshit ever perpetrated. I thought for sure that when I was 35 I could work the traffic as good as I ever did." Now 42 and no longer a controller, he's changed his mind. Bob Poli was lucky. He never burned out. Others have.

Gregg Perry (not his real name) is 40. His face looks like that of a 50-year-old man. He was hired by the FAA in 1961 as a controller for a busy California airport tower, where he worked for three years before transferring to a center facility nearby. After a futile attempt at quitting the field, he returned to the California tower. For the next several years, Perry had little difficulty coping with the

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC HARTMANN/MAGNUM

Playing God: The board is a maze of flashing lights, the markers human lives—one wrong move and the game is over

aerial madness. But as his youth vanished, so did his enthusiasm for his job. Like an aging athlete, he began to tire. Then, in June 1974, his father died of cancer. About the same time, Perry's supervisor began riding him.

"I really started sliding fast then," says Perry. "But I didn't know it at the time. I was only aware that I couldn't seem to get things off my mind. Going to work, I felt like I was carrying a piano up the stairs."

While he slept, airplanes would careen helter-skelter through the skyways of his mind. His queasy stomach—something he had almost gotten used to—forced him to take extended sick leave. At home, he was tense, irritable, combative. Still, Perry was unable to pinpoint the problem. "The only thing I was aware of was that I couldn't stand it anymore—anything. The thought of going to work controlling airplanes was eating me alive."

Then, one night in January 1975, Perry was working traffic when he saw a taxiing aircraft pull in front of a landing 727. Horrified, he watched as the two jets narrowly missed colliding. "That incident really spooked me," says Perry. "As soon as it happened, I asked for relief off the position."

Perry was getting scared, the danger signal for any controller. He blamed his supervisor. "Please," he begged him, tears running down his face. "Get off my back! I can't stand it anymore!"

A few weeks later, after the midnight shift, Perry telephoned a fellow controller from his home. Perry had had a few drinks, things seemed hopeless: "I've got to make a big change and I've got to do it now," he announced. He went out to his car, closed the garage door and started the engine. His friend, worried by their talk, came over and found him unconscious in the back seat.

Fortunately, Gregg Perry lived. Unfortunately, horror stories like his are not uncommon. When questioned about the large number of controllers who've been medically disqualified, the FAA suggests that the men are merely faking burn-out.

"I remember talking to one controller," says Dr. Pakull, "and he told me, 'If you want to get out, you go to a psychiatrist, you tell him that you're nervous, you tell him the job responsibility presses heavily upon you, and that you have dreams of planes flying together and that you wake up anxious.' Now what does the psychiatrist do? If he's the average psychiatrist, he'll give you Valium and write a note to that effect." That note is a ticket straight out of air traffic control: although the FAA will tolerate a controller with a severe drinking problem, the agency prohibits a man from monitoring traffic and taking a psychotropic drug at the same time.

The reason controllers would want to feign trauma, according to Dr. Pakull, is money. Controllers who go out on medical disability that has been approved by the Department of Labor can collect 75 percent of their salaries tax-free. To prove his point, he cites a case in Atlanta in which several controllers and FAA supervisors have been charged with feigning medical disabilities with the help of a local psychiatrist. In the end, says the FAA psychiatrist, "you're only stuck with what people tell you."

Dr. E. Eliot Benezra, a Chicago-area psychiatrist who over the past few years has counseled more than 70 controllers from both O'Hare and Chicago Center, is critical of the agency's attitude: "Most of these people are not feigning. They are very unhappy and under considerable anxiety and stress. Yes, they do have the money. But along with it they have a disastrous life in terms of physical and psychological problems."

"Pilots don't have to sit in those chairs and sweat," says one controller. "When a pilot crashes, okay, he's gone with the passengers. But when we have an incident, we have to live with it the rest of our lives"

Although the FAA admits that some men do go out on medical disability, the agency claims that most controllers at busy facilities do not burn out, but are promoted instead—which is true. According to the controllers, many do so only to escape the nightmare of working air traffic. The proof: promotions often involve a substantial cut in salary.

But such escape routes are not always open. At Chicago Center, which employs 338 controllers, transfers are limited to four a year; understaffing is so critical the FAA is not about to let a proficient controller leave the facility. Yet the minute a controller's blood pressure rises above a certain level (one of the physiological factors officially acknowledged by the FAA as medically disabling), he's out. In a few severe cases, that exit leads straight from the control tower to a mental hospital.

Although a 1973 study conducted by the FAA recommends allowing men at busy locations to switch to a less hectic facility, the FAA has failed to act on its own recommendations. Why? Because stress, to the FAA, is politically motivated, nothing more than a trumped-up bargaining tool wielded by power-hungry union officials and perpetuated by a media hell-bent on sensationalism.

PATCO exec Bob Poli admits the subject of stress enters into negotiations. Yet he sees it as a real threat to both the controller and the flying public: "Certainly, we testify to the stress and strain on our controllers. We can't sweep under the rug the fact that it's a very stressful, strenuous job. The FAA has this attitude that they don't want to scare the public."

And, indeed, most aviation experts concur that the air traffic system in the U.S. *is* the safest anywhere in the world. Even Poli agrees. "We're not carrying a shroud around airports telling people not to fly." But in talking with both controllers and pilots, you can't help but get the impression that, sooner or later, something's got to give—that the disaster in the Canary Islands can happen here and that it might very well be caused by an overworked, overaged controller who, one day, burns out.

In 1974, a House subcommittee investigating aviation safety accused the FAA of a "sluggishness approaching indifference to public safety." Yet those familiar with the FAA don't really expect the agency to come to the controllers' rescue until *after* a major catastrophe. "The FAA doesn't act," comments Bob Poli, "they *re*act." Meanwhile, for many controllers, the nightmare continues.

For Monte Bradford, currently under psychiatric supervision, that nightmare could mean jail. Earlier this year he was given sodium pentathol—in an attempt to jog his memory. It didn't work. He couldn't recall any of the details surrounding the shooting, an indication he suffered a brain seizure at the time of the murder. His psychiatrists later told the courts they were convinced he did not have the capacity to premeditate a crime when he confronted Joyce Johnston.

Eventually the district attorney agreed to drop the charge of first-degree murder in exchange for a guilty plea to voluntary manslaughter. Bradford still has to go before the court for final sentencing. He could get 2–4 years.

A former controller who used to work with Bradford sums it up: "There go I but for the grace of God." ●

ROCK AND ROLL WILL NEVER DIE, BUT OH, THE TROUBLES IT HAS SEEN

BY LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV

INSIDE THE HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Once upon a time, rock and roll was the primal scream of adolescence. Rock meant that a huge mass of young people had peered down society's throat and been hurled back, yelling. It was the ethic of Loud. "It ain't me, babe," it screamed, and the young people careened off to do things their way. For a while, they succeeded. Rock grew so big, so fast, that the businessmen who controlled it couldn't keep up with it. But then it grew so big that the people who made the music, the rock stars, the producers, the audience, couldn't keep up with it either. So they got stoned. Or died. Or went straight. Rebellion made rock music go, but the final rebellion was against your own body.

Gary Kellgren feels shitty. He is lying on a bed in the "Rack Room" of the Record Plant in Los Angeles, the multi-million-dollar independent recording studio of which he is half-owner and acknowledged creative genius, the place out of which the hits—"Hotel California," "New Kid in Town," "Isn't She Lovely"—literally keep on coming. And this morning at 2 a.m., as he does every morning at 2 a.m., Gary Kellgren feels just terrible. He is lying on his back in the middle of a king-size bed, with his left arm flung across his forehead, and he has left word with the security desk that he will receive no visitors. Still, four solicitous friends have conned their way past two guards and three locked doors, and have arrived at the Rack Room to find Gary pissing blood.

He pisses blood in a little bathroom just off the Rack Room. Then he returns to his position on the king-size bed, only to rise again in a few minutes to piss some more blood. It's a painful sound, echoing through the narrow door, *splat*, pause, *splat* . . . irregular and . . . suspenseful. It makes everyone in the Rack Room nervous, but nobody does anything. They just sit there and watch Gary stumble from bed to bathroom to bed.

His shirt is open to the waist, and in the dim light his chest is bony, pale. His salt-and-pepper head is resting on a huge wooden roller, around which is coiled about 30 feet of thick hemp rope in the manner of a medieval torture rack. Kellgren's eyelids hang at permanent half-mast, and his eyes have a dull finish, like varnish gone yellow. His spindly arms protrude from a brown print Qiana shirt and lie on the patchwork velvet bedspread like stains in the fabric. He is so wasted he makes Mick Jagger look like Arnold Schwarzenegger; so gray he makes Keith Richard look like a Beach Boy. His right foot taps the air slowly, a full count off the beat of the music that seeps into the room from speakers mounted on a shelf above the bed. The music, in contrast to the bizarre surroundings, is soft, what they call today the "mellow sound." Occasionally Kellgren's eyelids close completely, his right foot stops tapping the air, his chin falls to his skinny chest, his arms seem to sag and get even thinner, and he looks . . . dead.

The people around Gary are very concerned. Their voices are constantly whispering: "Gary? Are you all right? Can I get you anything?" There is the voice of an A&R man for a major record label, and those of three women, or girls, actually. One of them a dark, attractive Chinese-American; another a short brunette wearing a macrame top which shows her unblushing nipples and aureolae; the third a lanky blond with the squeaky, gum-cracking voice of a 13-year-old. They keep whispering about how little sleep Gary has gotten in the past week, how long it's been since he ate anything, whether or not he wants another Coors, another glass of Calistuga water, another pill . . .

Indeed, there is about the scene that surrounds Kellgren on this night an atmosphere of reverence. We are in the presence of one who has made a lifestyle of suffering. Gary Kellgren doesn't just feel shittier than the rest of us, he feels

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID STRICK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID STRICK

Wasted times: Gary Kellgren rests for a moment from his intense lifestyle in L.A.'s Record Plant with old pal Kristin Gaines; (bottom) Gary and friends ingest the stuff of rock dreams in the Rack Room

shitty *for* us. He seems to have taken upon his shoulders the entire weight of the old rock and roll ethic, the sensibility which once demanded that one live life right out to the edge, take every chance, do every drug, experience every high, dig every low, keep oneself awake every possible moment until finally one crashes and reaches the state of new bliss, the perpetual hangover . . .

Gary Kellgren has been hung over for years. Thirteen years, to be exact, in the rock business . . . 13 years of *hassles, man* . . . 13 years of making hits and *bucking those forces you can't see* . . . 13 years of *fighting off that little army of straight gnomes that are always ready to fuck things up* . . . and all for what? For another night in the Rack Room? Another night spent puzzling out the Problem, dreaming the Dream—how to make the Record Plant bigger, make it better, make it the only recording studio anybody who's anybody would want to use, the Last Recording Studio on Earth, a place that will contain Kellgren's rock and roll dream, a dream of rock as the lifeblood of the New Hollywood, the thing that will keep all the other dreams alive, preserve the true spirit of Hollywood, a spirit of fantasy . . . you remember the spirit! It was at the heart of *The Wizard of Oz*: get to the Wizard and all your dreams come true! It's like the final dream of childhood, that terminal kid-thing represented by the old game of Three Wishes. Every kid, at least once, tried the most obvious first wish of all, that all your other wishes would come true. Well, that was the old rock and roll dream, really, though not many people understood it, and that was Gary Kellgren's dream; to achieve it, Kellgren cast himself in the role of the Wizard, the Man To See, the man behind the curtain pulling the levers . . . running the machines . . . but somehow it's gotten twisted. Somehow, Gary has ended up pissing blood.

He's up! Sitting, standing now on wobbly legs, Kellgren grimaces and everyone in the room grimaces with him. His left arm rises, and eyes follow it as if he were a magician holding a scarf aloft. Kellgren grimaces again, opens his eyes fully for the first time in several hours, squints across the room and waves his arm as if sweeping aside a curtain. He's trying to say something. Everyone senses it. No one dares move for fear they will break Kellgren's fragile concentration. Gary's face, often an impassive mask, suddenly contorts into a fierce sneer.

His hands move in quick, karate-

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Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

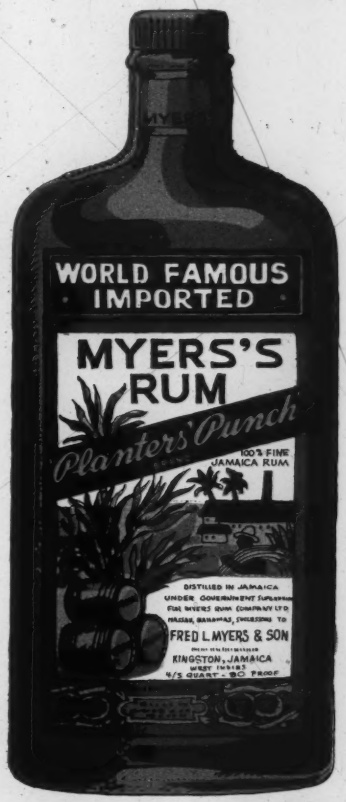
More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

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like chops, then stop. Kellgren is peering between a narrow slit formed by his hands, stiff, knife-edged. His right hand circles slowly to the side, then down. At the bottom of its arc, his hand forms a fist and jabs sharply up, like an uppercut thrown at the solar plexus.

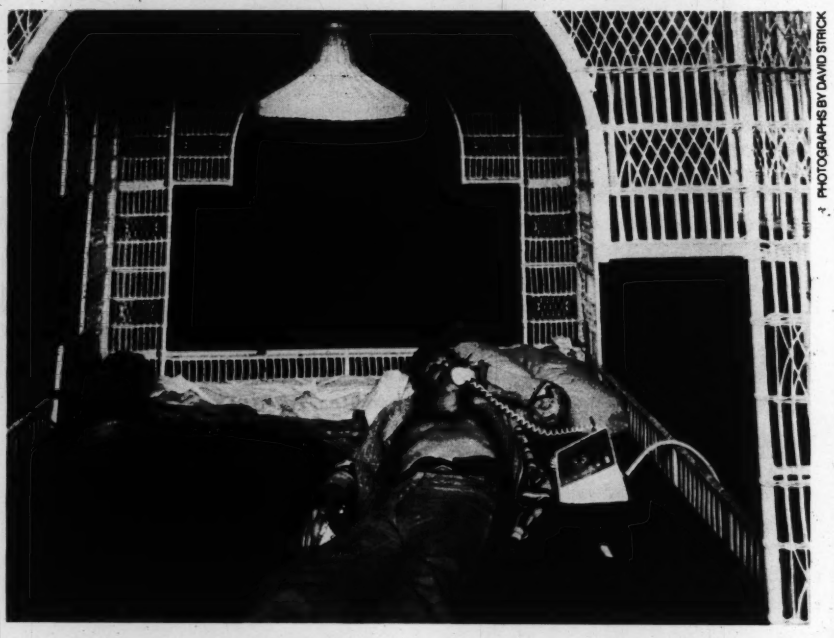
"*Vision*," says Kellgren in a throaty, authoritative rumble. His right fist hangs in the air, then circles down and jabs up again and again to punctuate his words: "*New* (jab) *vision* (jab). *Look* (jab) *at* (jab) *the* (jab) *business* (jab) *man* (jab). *Chrome* (jab) *steel* (jab) *stainless* (jab) *steel* (jab). *Only* (jab) *business* (jab) *shines* (jab). *Rock* (jab) *is* (jab) *gone* (jab).

Kellgren swallows his final word like a Quaalude. His fist is hanging in the air, and he gazes slowly about the room, grinning. Heads nod in agreement. Gary has just explained the death of rock. Unlike the businessmen who run it, the media who still suck it dry, Gary has no excuses; he looks like he's about to die because he understands that rock—true rock—always meant you should never grow old. He is 38. Kellgren's face twitches in handsome agony.

One of the girls helps him to the bathroom. The other girls tip-toe from the Rack Room. *Gary might crash*, they whisper. It is 5 a.m., and for the first time in over 48 hours, Gary Kellgren looks like he might get some sleep.

Twenty-four hours later, we are in Studio A of the Record Plant. Kellgren seems rested. He's been sitting in the Rack Room for two hours drinking Coors, reading *Billboard* and consulting the Record Plant schedule. As usual, all four studios are booked nearly around the clock. At this very moment, Bette Midler is working Studio B, and Frank Zappa has set up a second home in Studio C. The Eagles and the Tubes are recent departures, as are Dave Mason and Bill Withers. The Record Plant is so popular some groups check into it like they would into a motel, using the Rack Room, the "Sissy Room" and the "Boat Room," with a nautical motif. There is also another room jokingly referred to as the "Anne Frank" room, because it contains a hidden cubbyhole beneath a loft bed. The Eagles' hit single, "Hotel California," appears to be about the Record Plant. It seems possible to enter the massive complex and never return. The place has a vortexlike quality which Kellgren built into it by design.

"I opened this place in 1969," Gary says, standing in the middle of Studio A. "Eight years ago, this studio was the only one of its kind in the world. We had a party here in this very room. Princes and princesses, pimps and aristocrats, dealers and movie stars, all of them came to the opening of the Record Plant. It was like the beginning of the dream I started back in an old warehouse off tin-pan alley in New York [this was the first Record Plant]: the idea that a studio is your home because it's my home, too. I stayed up for a whole year, the whole year, 1969, working on this place. That's what you have to do to make it in the music business. You work six days a week, and then on the seventh you keep on working. It's beyond a god trip, man. You want to make it in this business, you do the same thing the stars do. They've got to be on top of their image thing, the studio thing, the performance thing, 24 hours a day, seven days a week, all the time. People think rock and roll is what they read in *Rolling Stone*. People don't know shit."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID STRICK

We are joined by Bob Margouleff, who has just finished co-producing Billy Preston's latest album, and is credited by those in-the-know with having "ears," for being the genius behind the scenes on Stevie Wonder's monster album, *Songs in the Key of Life*. But Margouleff has dropped by the Record Plant for the same reason the place is a hang-out for Rolling Stones, ex-Beatles, Clapton-CreamWinwood—the heaviest rock and roll people come to the Record Plant because its studios have a certain sound they're looking for, and they come because of Gary Kellgren. Gary not only has "ears," he has Ears. Chris Stone, Gary's long-time friend and half-owner of the Record Plant, knows about Kellgren's Ears. "I was there when he recorded Barbra Streisand, Paul Anka. He recorded Anka for years. *Everything* he touched in the studio was a hit. Gary is remarkable in the studio. He really is. He's like a secret Phil Spector."

Producer Margouleff has brought two tapes with him, cut by groups he produces and manages. He will play them for Kellgren, and wait expectantly for Kellgren's response. The first is a soul/disco group. The tunes are catchy, up-tempo—pumped up with strings, synthesizer and complicated electronic effects that push disco into a kind of modern Young Rascals sound. Kellgren closes his eyes and nods his head. After two cuts he raises his hand. That's enough.

Margouleff scrambles to play the second tape. He wraps the thick 16-track tape around the idler wheels and tape head, punches a button, and the big Westlake Studio Monitors (designed by Kellgren and Tom Hidley) play a country-rock tune. The music is undistinguished—a hybrid of early Byrds and modern outlaw country. Kellgren doesn't move. The song finishes, and Margouleff pushes a fast-forward button. The monitors scream as he searches for another cut. Another country-rock tune, this one more Eagles-influenced. Less than a minute into the song Kellgren gets up from his reclining leather producer's chair, walks across the control room, and punches a large red lever

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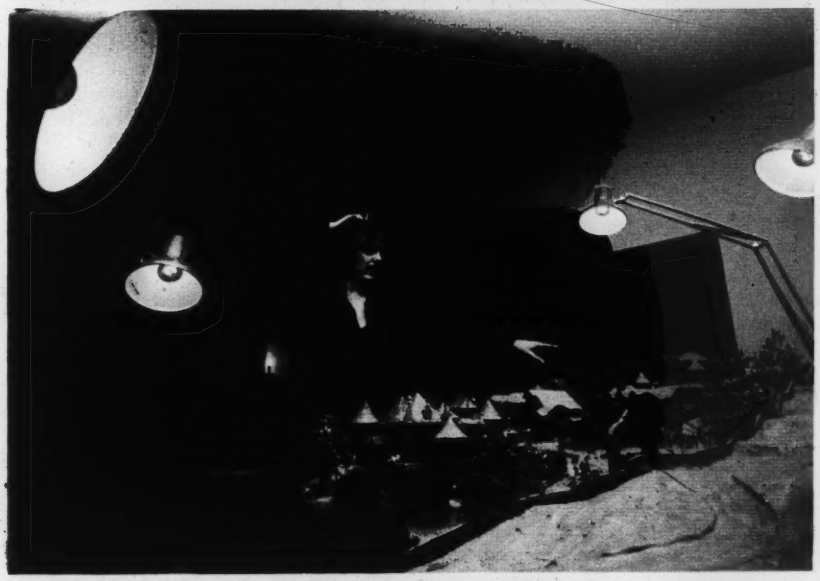
Lucian K. Truscott IV last reported on Clay Felker for New Times. *He is currently at work on a novel about West Point.*

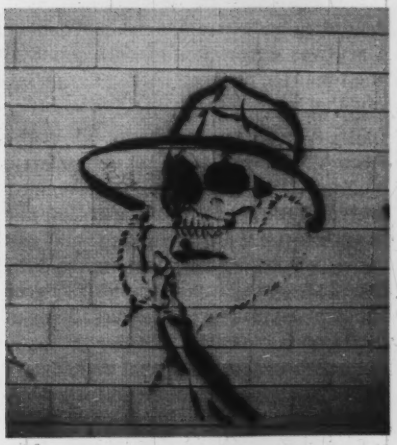


In the Land of Oz: Gary does business from a prone position (top left); the Castle, where Gary dreamed his impossible dream (top center); the Wizard lecturing (bottom); and a death's head graffito on the Record Plant wall

marked "STOP." He walks back and flops in his chair. He runs both hands through his hair. He looks tired again. "That fucking music isn't saying anything to me," he says. The tape rewinds with a soft whisper. Margouleff has a look of resignation on his face. Tomorrow he'll fly all the way to Indianapolis to pick up a Lamborghini sportscar. Tonight he claims not to have been surprised by Kellgren's blunt reaction.

"That's what I came over to play the tape for," he explains. "One listen from Gary can save you thousands in studio time."

Kellgren exists in a sphere of pure sound. He always did. Engineer Jimmy Robinson was with Kellgren in the early days, before the Record Plants. "Gary had a dubbing studio around the corner from 1619 Broadway, the Brill Building," Robinson recalls. "Everybody



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARGERY PETERS/MAD PECK

from 1619 used to come over to cut demos. Carole King, Neil Diamond, Paul Anka, the whole early sixties rock scene would be there. Neil Diamond would be up in 1619 in his little cubicle, and he'd write five songs, and he'd run around the corner to Gary's studio, put down $50 for 30 minutes of studio time, cut five tunes backing himself up on guitar, run back around the corner to 1619 and sell them for $50 each, for a $200 profit. Then Gary opened up a regular studio, with like a two-track taping system, the early days of stereo. But he was never satisfied. All the studios were like bare rooms, with green paint and linoleum floors . . . it was like making music inside a hospital ward. So finally, in 1967, he got together with Chris Stone, who was working for Revlon, and this heiress to the Revlon fortune. Stone was the businessman, Gary was the engineer, and the lady was the bread. When they built the first Record Plant, it was like a spaceship."

Now Gary wanders from one stu-

dio to another in an almost sleepwalk state, shuffling along in loafers that are one size too big, so he can slip into them without reaching down to pull them on. Nothing matters but the sound that is being produced in Studio A, Studio B, Studio C, Studio D. Every room can be completely closed-off, darkened, turned into a capsule in which there is no day, no night, no input other than that which is created by the occupant. Kellgren has specialized in creating special environments in which musicians can work. Studio B in the L.A. Record Plant was designed by Kellgren and built specifically for Stevie Wonder. One of the studios in the Sausalito Record Plant, a place known as "The Pit," was built especially for Sly Stone. Kellgren's reputation as an electronics genius knows no bounds. Kellgren was the first engineer to introduce "phasing," a technique that produces a jet-type sound. Until that point, recording had a one-dimensional quality. Gary was experimenting with sound all the time. He changed rock. His is a legend that has been built up, little by little.

A musician will be in one of the Record Plant studios, completely blocked. He wants to create a sound, a specific sound which should sound just like *this*—he purses his lips and out comes a wheeze—and nothing the band does can produce that sound. Kellgren appears. He listens to the pursed lips of the famous musician. His Ears focus in on the wheeze, *exactly* what that wheeze sounds like. He disappears. A little while later he reappears with a small metal box. Inside can be seen wires, resistors, transistors, capacitors, endless little electronic gadgets. Into one side of the box he plugs a guitar. Into the other side he plugs the lead to the amplifier. He tells the musician to strum a certain chord. Kellgren picks up the box and adjusts a small knob. He tells the musician to strum the same chord again. The amplifier emits a wheeze, *the* wheeze. Only minutes ago he was wheezing through pursed lips. His block is broken. Work resumes. Kellgren disappears.

The first hit album the Record Plant produced was Jimi Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland*. (When Hendrix died, Gary turned 80 tapes of Hendrix jamming—1,200 hours of Jimi—over to the Hendrix estate.) Its first hit single was "Don't Bogart that Joint" by the Fraternity of Man. Hundreds of rock stars have plugged into the Record Plant consoles since then. All of Ringo Starr's L.A. hits were recorded there. The place is a second home to groups like the Eagles, stars like Rod Stewart. When the Concert for Bangladesh was taped, it was to Kellgren the heavies turned as engineer, to master the tape for the record. He has engineered and produced records for Ron Wood and Bill Wyman (*Stone Alone*). Even if he had done nothing else in his life, Kellgren would be famous among musicians for a jam he produced in March of 1975, a never-released song called "Too Many Cooks." Present for the session were John Lennon, Stevie Wonder, Billy Preston, Mick Jagger, Al Wilson, Harry Nilsson, Jim Keltner, Ringo Starr and Danny Kootch. The song was aptly titled. At one point, Jagger expressed displeasure with the way things were going. Kellgren reportedly told him to "sit on it." Nothing else was said.

One senses, after awhile, that Kellgren's command of the technological milieu that he dominates puts him out of reach of conventional adulation, yet is the source of his curious brand of fame. Gary has figured fame out. To him, fame is a series of boxes, one within the other. The biggest box is the fans. They are constantly trying to get inside the next smallest box, which contains the stars. The fans want to get backstage, they want in the hotel room, they hunger at the door of the studio. But there is another box, inside the box containing the rock stars. It is a box the fans don't even know about. The box contains Gary Kellgren. The box is the Record Plant. Kellgren simply lies there every night on his back in the Rack Room, waiting for the stars to knock on his door, waiting for his multi-button phone to buzz.

Sooner or later it happens. This one wants a favor. That one wants him to listen to the latest cut, listen with those Ears, to see if the horns shouldn't be brought up a little, if the bass needs more BOOM. They come to the Record Plant and pay for Gary's marvelous machines. They pay for his Ears. It's the true currency of celebrity: cash.

Kellgren's groupies are rock stars. His Record Plant is the small intestine in the digestive system of the rock business. His machines break music down into its nutritional components, they turn sound into electrical energy and place it on electromagnetic tape, from whence it is transferred onto plastic discs, where it is picked up by diamond styluses and becomes electrical impulses once again; these are amplified and pushed through speakers, air molecules in motion, which is what they were to begin with. The Record Plant's machines turn rock and roll into ear food for the masses, and Gary Kellgren is the appendix of the musical digestive system. He just lies there and collects the poisons. His physical condition and the Record Plant itself is evidence that it has been Kellgren's life-long ambition to fuck with nature.

Self-denial and physical and psychological abuse are Kellgren's way of life; its by-product is thinness, a measure of one's dedication. Fucking with technological systems and with your own system become synonymous. And Kellgren is not alone. It's not uncommon to visit one of the restaurants frequented by aspiring actors, actresses, singers and musicians in Los Angeles and find someone in the restroom stall next to you with a finger down the throat, throwing up a meal just shared with an agent. Such is the premium placed on denial and abuse. The constant sniffle of the cocaine cold, the sound of up-chuck and the ringing of the telephone are the soundtrack of the Hollywood struggle. Gary often hangs up the receiver after a long, stage-whispered conversation, and announces to those who surround him on the bed in the Rack Room: "Jesus, that chick gives great phone."

At the urging of a friend, Kellgren has visited a doctor. Now, sitting on the floor of the Anne Frank room in the company of two gentlemen from East L.A., who have come bearing gifts of shiny white powder, Kellgren tells of his visit: "Turns out I've got a kidney stone, man," says Kellgren. He is unusually talkative and excitable, and he is sniffling. "A goddam kidney stone! I should have figured, with all that blood I was pissing." It is pointed out that these days a kidney stone is a minor medical matter, requiring only the administration of a drug which dissolves the stone, passing it from the body with the urine.

"Yeah, the doctor told me about that drug, but I'm not taking it. I told him to forget it. I want to be cut." One of the Chicano gentlemen from East L.A. is visibly agitated at the thought.

"I already had the doctor book me into the hospital," Kellgren explains, noticing the queasy look on the face of the Chicano. "I'm gonna have him open me up and cut the little fucker out. He says it's been in there so long it's probably about the size of my thumbnail. It's like a calcium ball, with sharp little edges on it. That's what makes me bleed. The stone cuts into the walls of my kidney. Anyway, I'm gonna have him cut it out, and then I'm gonna have a ring made, so when I walk into a room and somebody says, 'Hey, man, that's a far-out ring, what kind of stone is it?' I can hold it

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up—it'll be gold-mounted, and the doctor says it'll look kinda like a white agate—I can hold it up to the light and say, 'kidney.'"

We are in the grand ballroom of a rambling old mansion above Sunset Boulevard, in the foothills of the Hollywood hills. Built in 1929, now rented by Kellgren, the place was once owned by Buster Keaton. Its most recent occupant was Noah Dietrich, a high-level aide to the late billionaire Howard Hughes.

In a corner of the huge, empty room, near a 50-foot expanse of leaded windows that overlook the entire Los Angeles basin, is a large plywood board on which is mounted a clay replica of the property. The mansion is set on four acres that run in a narrow rectangle up the hill. It is one of the last great Hollywood mansions.

The model is elaborately detailed. Every tree is accurately reproduced, and the mansion itself has been carefully etched in clay, every stone wall and turret carved to scale. The plywood board is slanted, approximating the angle of the hillside. Above the mansion, where now there are only scrub oak and pine, the model shows a medieval village—a collection of thatched-roof houses, connected by paths. The clay model is surrounded by a wall, turning the hillside into a compound, a small fort accessible through a single gateway where Sweetzer Street dead-ends.

The clay model was built by an architect, and plans exist for the actual construction of the four-acre fort. The mansion is known around the Record Plant as "the Castle," after its turreted military-gothic architecture, and it is Gary Kellgren's final obsession. He has spent upwards of $150,000 on the plans for what he hoped would be his ultimate vision of the Record Plant as it truly should be: a place apart in time and space from the rest of the world, a sphere in which rock and roll music can once again be magical, and in which Gary Kellgren is undisputed master magician.

But at 4 a.m., in the main ballroom of the Castle, Gary Kellgren is alone in the vaulted room, pacing its terra cotta floors, lamenting the demise of his dream. For no matter how many strings he pulls, how many friends he calls on for help, how many parties he throws in the Castle, spinning his verbal vision of the dream long into the night, standing at the model, pointing to its exquisite details, its delicious excess, all of it in the "true spirit of Hollywood," as he says, no matter what he does or how much money he spends, nothing can bring about the zoning ordinance change necessary to transfer the Castle and its four empty acres from residential to commercial. Without such a zoning change, Gary's dream for the ultimate Record Plant is dead. It's that little army of straight gnomes again.

There are only a few days left on the lease, for which Kellgren has been paying $4,500 a month. All of the furniture has been moved out of the mansion, and the place has a dusty, decaying aroma. None of its half-dozen bathrooms have been cleaned in weeks, and the kitchen looks like something out of a Dennis Hopper movie about the grooviness of communes. Everywhere there is filth, the silent remains of defeat.

Upstairs there are noises—a blaring stereo, a television turned up to compete with the music, a final party at the Castle. Now Kellgren and a group of friends are descending the winding staircase. He has gotten himself up as a jester—or is he a wizard? A long piece of white silk is wrapped around his head like a turban, and another piece forms a sash about his waist. In his right hand is a pointer, in his left, a bottle of Coors. He mounts a platform next to the clay model of his dream village. Four green lights surround the model, and their hoods illuminate his legs but not his face, giving his words a weird, disembodied life. In the empty stone ballroom, his voice echoes as he cracks the pointer against the plywood edge of the clay model in anger. The pointer comes down again and again, the sharp sound of wood against wood reverberating through the old mansion like gunshots:

"Debbie *Reynolds* (CRACK) is behind this thing 100 per*cent* (CRACK)," says Kellgren, shifting his weight from one foot to another. "She's sitting *there* (CRACK), with $3 *million* (CRACK) in *furniture* (CRACK) and *memorabilia* (CRACK), including part of the *set* (CRACK) to the *Wizard of Oz* (CRACK), which starred Judy *Garland* (CRACK), that was shot *here* (CRACK). And this is called Emerald *City* (CRACK), *Oz* (CRACK), *Oz* (CRACK) *Oz* (CRACK), a takeoff from the name *Ez* (CRACK). All I'm trying to *do* (CRACK) is preserve the *place* (CRACK), preserve a little of the old *HOLLYWOOD* (CRACK). But I'm gonna *lose* (CRACK) it, and then it's up for *grabs* (CRACK). They'll build a tinsel tower *here* (CRACK), right *here* (CRACK), where I wanted to build my final version of the Record *Plant* (CRACK), make it everything it *should be* (CRACK), everything it *could be* (CRACK). Now it's just going to be *pissed away* (CRACK) because we can't get a *fucking* (CRACK) *zoning* (CRACK) *ordinance* (CRACK) *changed* (CRACK). It's sick, *man* (CRACK). Sick."

It's later the same night, and we're back in the Rack Room. It's getting light outside, an occasion that always seems to depress Kellgren. He and a young lady are standing in the bathroom going through a process which Kellgren repeats at least a half-dozen times a day. He takes a glass, adds two tablespoons of baking soda, fills it with water, hands it to the girl. He instructs her to gargle, which she does. When she is finished, he repeats the procedure, smacking his tongue against the roof of his mouth. Then he pulls from his pocket a prophylactic containing a white powder. With the corner of a book of Record Plant matches, he shovels a small portion of the powder into the mouth of the girl, ordering her to swallow it. She does. He takes the same quantity on the back of his tongue, and with a grin, swallows it. The girl has a perplexed look.

"I can never get used to that stuff," she says. It is unclear to which powder she is referring.

Kellgren seems suddenly agitated, full of energy. It is as if the eulogy for his "Emerald City" had never been uttered. He is reading the latest issue of *Billboard*. He picks up the Record Plant schedule for the next day and studies it. Then, to no one in particular, he talks about dying. It is a subject to which he returns almost every morning, when he knows that outside, the sun has come up.

"When I go, I'm going in class," he says, lying on his back, head resting on the wooden roller, his left arm thrown across his face. The girl with the freshly washed mouth absentmindedly massages his hairless chest. "I'm gonna call a limousine, have it pull right up outside here in the parking lot, and I'm gonna climb in the back seat and tell the driver to take me down to the beach. It's gonna be one of those limousines with the smoked glass, so you can see out, but they can't see in. I'm gonna sit back there with my feet up, with a tape on the 8-track, and I'm gonna polish my nails as we drive down to the beach. I'm gonna polish and polish them, shine them and polish them until they seem like chrome. When I go, I'm gonna have Electraglide nails, man, because I can't think of anything worse than having dirty nails, man. Electraglide nails, man. When they catch the light, they're gonna be as bright as chrome. They're gonna blind you, man. I'm gonna have Electraglide nails when I die. Let those fuckers try to take that from me, man. Just let them." ●

Music/By Ken Tucker

George Clinton's message: Don't fake the funk

Standing in front of me is a black kid no taller than my waist. We are waiting outside the dressing rooms of George Clinton, writer-producer-leader of the bands Parliament and Funkadelic, and Bootsy Collins, whose Rubber Band opens Clinton's show. The black kid is solemnly aiming a kung fu punch at my groin; he's singing, very softly, a Bootsy Collins song, "The Pinocchio Theory" (the theme, briefly stated: "If you fake the funk, your nose will grow"). I am debating whether to move aside quickly when and if I see the punch coming, and risk allowing the kid to smash his little fist into a concrete wall, or to take the punch. I think it will hurt.

Fortunately, the kid's mother walks by, drinking a Coke and also waiting for Clinton and Bootsy. "What are you doing?" she asks her son. The kid points to me. "Scarin' this man."

"Get over here," she says, and he runs over and clutches her sweater. "You don't do that to people," she says. The kid looks up at her. "I wasn't going to hit him. *Bootsy* don't hit people. Where's Bootsy?" "He's coming," his mother says.

Later Bootsy explains that this child is a "geepie" (hard "g"). Geepies are kids who want to, ah, receive the funk, as it were. "It's like, I'm the first grade in funk school, you know?"

Perhaps you don't. Some quick facts: Parliament-Funkadelic are separate bands whose personnel overlap. Parliament records for Casablanca and disseminates the more commercial, melodic stuff; it is from within Parliament that the librettos of two full-scale "funk operas," *Mothership Connection* and *The Clones of Dr. Funkenstein*, have emerged. Says Dr. Funkenstein hisself, George Clinton: "With Parliament it's more formally arranged, more thought-out, than Funkadelic."

Funkadelic records for Warner Bros. and is essentially a guitar band, or Parliament sans horns and a percussionist or two. Funkadelic plays loose, improvisatory R&B, fast blues and disco concoctions over which spare nonsense lyrics are intermittently hooted. "Funkadelic is more a feeling, an instinct, than anything else," says Clinton. They recorded a few albums on a small label, Westbound, and attracted an enthusiastic cult: blacks who could get behind Frank Zappa, whites who realized James Brown was Marcel Duchamp with a horn section.

I tell Clinton I find it hard to imagine two rival record companies signing what are essentially the same people, and he grins. "Yeah, well, you can imagine anything if they're going to make money. Once it's successful people forget all that bullshit about two record companies fighting over us. Funk bridges all of that."

If what is officially called The Parliafunkadelicment Thang is spreading Clinton's gospel, Bootsy's Rubber Band is extending it; Bootsy is Dr. Funkenstein's St. Paul, wearing star-shaped rhinestone-studded sunglasses and carrying his incipient superstardom with the casual aplomb of a cross between Billy Dee Williams and Jack Nicholson. Bootsy was once Clinton's bass player, and has recorded two Rubber Band albums for Warners.

The entire soi-disant Funk Mob has certainly attained superstar status among black audiences; whites are beginning to gather. "*Newsweek* wrote about us, *People* did, *Rolling Stone*—that's the way the white pop markets determine what's hip and what's not," offers Clinton, a calm, analytical man of 35 who wears his close-cropped natural dyed a dull yellow. "We can't get onto the white radio stations, so we gotta go in another direction, but we want as wide an audience as possible, and to get that we gotta break the white media."

Clinton knows he's giving the white media, ever eager to scribble about some crazy niggers if they can get away with it, a lot to report: onstage the dozen band members, dressed in wildly disparate garb, jump and thump around a huge silver spaceship that would send a shiver down Issac Asimov's spine. In addition, as a songwriter Clinton has literally wrested a new slang form from the word "funk" and the dismemberment of sci-fi jargon. And further intriguing to white scribes is the fact that Clinton's reference point for stardom is nothing less than the Beatles. "If you know what Liverpool was like when the Beatles hit, you know what it's getting to be like wherever we go now."

The Funk Mob: beyond the blather, rich and exhilarating music

It seems necessary to point out that while Clinton makes very good

jokes, all this funk would soon become tedious blather were it not for the fact that his bands purvey some of the richest, most exhilarating music around. "I'd call this music avant-garde funk," says Tom Vickers, a white writer-turned-believer who has joined the Mothership as a part-time road manager. But Vickers' category is just one aspect of it. Clinton tempers the avant-garde (Funkadelic's disjointed, often nearly nonexistent melodies, lyrics two steps from Dada) with the profound influence of prime James Brown: stark, mesmerizing R&B riffs fashioned from a clutch of malevolent bass lines and a clipped, fast horn section. The Brown influence is made overt by the fact that Bootsy and lead trombonist Fred Wesley are graduates of the Godfather of Soul's back-up band. Parliament's tunes provide melodies that hook and snag. Their *Chocolate City* and *Mothership Connection* albums are the best examples of this post-Sly Stone infectiousness at its most popular; "Give Up the Funk (Tear the Roof Off the Sucker)," a galvanizing evocation of orgiastics from *Mothership*, was a hit single on black radio stations nationwide.

The current manifestations of the movement are Fred Wesley's Horny Horns (on Atlantic), who do not funkify as feelingly as might have been hoped, and a double album re-enactment of the Dr. Funkenstein tour. This last is a colossally disjointed, bizarrely recorded amalgam of both live and studio performances that requires one to remain beside the turntable to adjust the volume and speaker-balance from cut to cut—and occasionally from chorus to chorus. But the imminent release of a solo album by Funkadelic guitarist Eddie Hazel, an experienced afronaut who consistantly rises to the demands on Clinton's anarchic improvisation, may provide some goosy comfort.

As for the future—well, the visions of George Clinton make megalomania seem a modest virtue. Between recording sessions of new Parliament material, he is overseeing the creation of a P-Funk comic book, where in Bootsy will play Robin to George's chocolate Batman. And soon there'll be a feature-length film. Title? George Clinton's eyes shrink to friendly slits and he smiles coolly. "*The Motor Booty Affair*. It's the history of myself, indoctrinated by Dr. Funkenstein as a child, growing up in outer space and sent to this planet to grow up in processed hair and funk around." It will be directed by—the mind hiccups—Robert Downey. Clinton laughs. "You know that dude? *Putney Swope*? *Greaser's Palace*? Well, he's a silly motherfucker, so I just know it's all gonna be *all* right." He laughs again, and closes his eyes.

Records

By Jim Miller

★★ **Book of Dreams,** *The Steve Miller Band* (Capitol); ★ **I'm In You,** *Peter Frampton* (A&M). The latest trend in platinum pop can be defined in terms of *cool*: little ventured, with a guaranteed gain. Nursing a style rather than taking risks is the genre's premise, reserve and understatement its characteristic virtues. Previously, singer/songwriters like James Taylor have led their audience away from hard rock; but the idea of veteran rockers keeping their guitars plugged in with the volume turned down is something new. Jefferson Starship's "Miracles" and Fleetwood Mac helped set the trend, while *Frampton Comes Alive!* confirmed cool's supremacy by rivaling Carole King's *Tapestry* as the biggest-selling album of all time.

One symptomatic and skilled practitioner of the craft is Steve Miller, whose spacy pop blues first surfaced during the late sixties. *Book of Dreams* follows on the heels of last year's phenomenally successful *Fly Like an Eagle*, a controlled tour de force that yielded three hit singles. Like Ricky Nelson before him, Steve Miller knows the secrets of laconic breathiness: his vocals magically transform the most pedestrian blues licks into an urbane version of the rural idyll. Although he doesn't deal purely in love and heartbreak, Miller does offer an escapist ethic reassuring to any hip suburbanite: "Jet Airliner" is a veritable paean to delayed gratification ("You got to go through hell to get to heaven"), firmly commending private pleasures over public hassles: "I don't want to get caught up in any of that funky shit goin' down in the city." Brave stuff.

Peter Frampton's charm seems both simpler and more enigmatic: simpler because Frampton is a classic pretty boy, more enigmatic because his music, unlike Miller's, lacks a distinguishing "sound," unless we grant his "talking guitar" that distinction. Frampton's voice is certainly faceless, but that may be part of his appeal, too: deadpan vocals are virtually a signature of cool rock. As the dull renditions of "I'm a Roadrunner" and "Signed, Sealed and Delivered" hint, Frampton plays *at* rock vicariously: rather than generating energy, he gestures toward it. Perhaps that is why this album seems so insufferably coy.

★★★ **Love Storm,** *Tavares* (Capitol). Spearheaded by the silly "Whodunit," *Love Storm* proves Freddie Perren the premier pop soul producer of the hour. Perren piloted the Jackson Five through their early hits, before moving on to the Miracles and his current clients, the Tavares and Sylvers. The versatility of the Tavares brings out the best in Perren, who has stocked *Storm* with a variety of ballads and novelties. Although he prefers overstuffed orchestrations, Perren keeps his rhythm tracks hot, his arrangements clever (catch the absurd French horn part on "Whodunit").

★★ **Foreigner** (Atlantic). The nice thing about this album is its consistency; the numbing thing is its predictability. In a season when anonymous competence has become a hot commodity, *Foreigner* has its moves down pat, fusing vocal harmonies with heavy metal flash—but Boston they ain't.

★★★ **Lily Dale,** *Darrell McCall* (Columbia). In an unassuming album of old-fashioned country, McCall includes two of the most appealing Western Swing revivals yet on wax: "Please Don't Leave Me" and the title tune, both duets with Willie Nelson (who shines on "Lily Dale").

★★★ **Equal Rights,** *Peter Tosh* (Columbia). Didactic to the point of tedium, but bristling with razor-sharp music, *Rights* proves that Tosh, one-third of the original Wailers, provided Bob Marley with a little backbone and a lot of marrow: the best set of reggae this year.

★★★★ **Afro Blue Impressions,** *John Coltrane* (Pablo); ★★★ **The Other Village Vanguard Tapes,** *John Coltrane* (Impulse). Ten years after his death, John Coltrane is still the subject of important new recordings. The *Vanguard Tapes*, dating from late 1961, capture Coltrane at a crucial stage in his career. A two-record set consisting primarily of outtakes, it presents Eric Dolphy on five of the six cuts, playing spirited alto and bass clarinet; Coltrane himself turns in a mixed bag of solos, but plays magnificently on the long "Untitled Original." A better overview of Coltrane's art—one of the best introductions to it, really—is provided by another two-record set, *Afro Blue Impressions*, cut live in Europe sometime in 1962. The great quartet, with McCoy Tyner, Jimmy Garrison and Elvin Jones, performs fine versions of several classic Coltrane charts, among them "Naima," "Chasin' the Trane," "My Favorite Things," "Afro Blue" and "Impressions."

Books/By Geoffrey Wolff

How do I love thee? Let me count the blurbs

When an editor of this magazine suggested that I write about book endorsements, I thought it was an awful idea. I have profited from blurbs boosting my own books, so to write about the subject would be to write as a hypocrite (and a prig), or to unmask myself. Moreover, book journalism is not without its essays into this seedy neighborhood, and most of them have been either wise-ass or solemnly prescriptive.

Also, as I explained to the editor, everyone knows how blurbs work. "How do blurbs work?" the editor asked. I explained, anecdotally, how blurbs work. "I didn't know that," the editor said. Well, everyone who reads blurbs—on the backs of books, in ads, or on press releases—might as well know how they get written, and why, and what they mean, and how they might be read. What follows has been written at an absurdly high level of generalization, because no one will speak on this subject for attribution, and we will soon understand why.

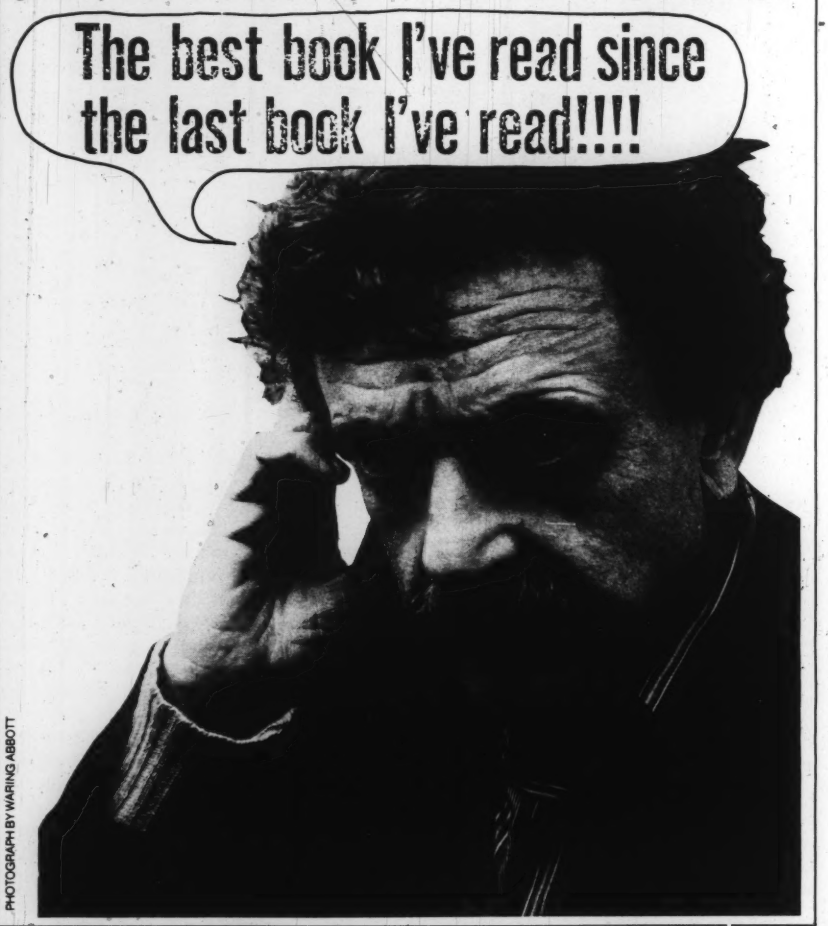
Once upon a time I reviewed a book about a political campaign for a news magazine. I didn't like the book, and I said as much, with great enthusiasm. A few days after the review appeared, a very large man approached me at a party. This man had suggested in a blurb an equality between the campaign historian and Thucydides, or maybe it was only Gibbon, and as he neared me I checked out the fire exits. To my surprise he agreed with me that the book was a "piece of shit"—the generic locution for every printed thing not a masterpiece. I recalled for him his blurb. He shrugged, said the writer was a friend, one of nature's noblemen. I asked if he would write a review, on behalf of a friend, in conflict with his judgment, and he was outraged: was he not a fellow of conspicuous rectitude? He was, indeed he is, a fellow of conspicuous rectitude. Blurbs were different, that was all, everyone understood that blurbs were different.

Everyone does not, evidently, understand this. Blurbs are usually, but not invariably, written by people who are principally friendly to a writer, and secondarily friendly to that writer's book. They are usually solicited by the writer's editor, who asks, about six months before publication, for the names of people (usually writers, but in debased cases celebrities) to whom the forthcoming book, in the form of galleys, might "usefully" be sent.

Twelve years ago William Gass, whose wonderful first novel *Omensetter's Luck* had, after many rejections, finally been accepted, was asked by his editor for a list of people who might help sell the novel. Gass mentioned his admiration for writers like Saul Bellow and Vladimir Nabokov and Samuel Beckett. "But I'm not suggesting you pester any of these people. I happen to admire them. People I admire I leave alone."

Such fastidiousness is rare. The generality of writers incline, with perhaps less brass, to the judgment of Robert Daley, who writes books about policepeople. Daley has confessed to telephoning famous cops to ask them for blurbs: "I also believed (and continue to believe) that a man had the right to ask friends to help him once, and once only."

Who are a writer's friends? When he is beginning they are apt to be his teachers, people to whom he already is obliged. Probably the most celebrated writers' program is that at the University of Iowa, many of whose students publish the work they write there as apprentices. And this work is frequently, and for good reasons, publicly endorsed (as it was institutionally and privately encouraged) by such past



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and present members of Iowa's staff as George P. Elliot, John Leggett, R.V. Cassill, C.D.B. Bryan, Vance Bourjaily, Robert Coover, William Price Fox, George Garrett, George Starbuck, Gail Godwin and Kurt Vonnegut.

Vonnegut, for one example, is a notoriously generous blurb-giver. His character, then, is irreproachable: he wishes to boost everyone up the ladder to his own considerable elevation. Other writers—Louis Auchincloss and Barbara Tuchman, to name two—will not write blurbs at all. Everyone has his reason, and everyone in this tetchy situation seems right. Very little about this peculiar business is venal, after all. People who write blurbs are trying to find readers for books that they admire, and most often their friendship with the book's author is a product of their affection for his gifts.

Blurb writers are not paid. One book critic, Eliot Fremont-Smith, thinks they should be, so that book buyers will know the precise relationship between an endorser and his endorsement, just as one understands why Bill Cosby so admires Ford motorcars. But the matter is not that simple, of course. Most blurbs are written because of the pleasure to be taken from an act of disinterested generosity. Some may be written by writers eager to see their names in print, beneath whatever run of prose, and some are written to repay or to incur debts. As a reviewer I probably have no business soliciting blurbs for my books, or having them solicited by my editor. (But, Jesus, don't hold me to this confession!) As a regular reviewer have I any business reviewing books by my friends? Of course I have: in most cases they have become my friends because I have expressed my admiration for their work. And it is my business to express my admiration publicly.

John Leonard, asking himself rhetorically what he does when a friend writes a book, replied that he tries "to give it a favorable review. If you don't like the way his mind works, why is he your friend?" I have tried to identify my friends in these pages during the past few years, but I do so with hesitation, because I fear that a confession of friendship is read as a dilution of authentic enthusiasm.

In other words, people don't trust people who write about books. And the abuse of blurbs goes to the heart of such mistrust. Vonnegut's recommendations have lost their minted look, and his adjectives are inflated, and readers have learned to be cynical about his endorsements. I use the word "readers" in a special sense here. Most blurbs are used to authenticate to critic books otherwise destined for the unread and unnoticed welter, to get them reviewed rather than to sell them.

For this and other reasons many honorable people associated with books believe that blurbs do no harm; that insiders are wised up to such networks as the Iowa connection, or the *New Yorker* connection, or the Stonington connection. "There is no harm done" by blurbs, in the words of the *New York Times'* publishing correspondent Herbert Mitgang, "except to the gullible reader who takes the word of publishing's pen pals without going to the library or bookstore and judging for himself." To judge for himself is to buy and read a book sometimes absurdly overpromoted. Two years ago a first novel of quite ordinary attainments came to reviewers and to you dressed in a most extraordinarily lavish set of sandwich boards. Old teachers and friends called it "breathtaking . . . remarkable . . . rich, unique and moving . . . fierce and original . . . amazingly complex, wise and moving." The book was slammed by me and by others for the extravagance of the claims made in its behalf.

An editor, responding in great heat to a reviewer who had perhaps unfairly beaten up a novelist for the hyperbole of blurbs the novelist had not solicited, expressed his frustration with the messy business. The editor wrote that blurbs are difficult enough to get without the blurb writer suffering public humiliation for his generosity, and that while some endorsers are patsies, these are "well-known," and may be "simply discounted—as old reviewing hands do." In the heat of his rejoinder he ironically suggested that the critic would next be reviewing jacket copy.

Not a bad idea, by the way, and not at all beside the point of this essay. Flap copy is often written, in case some of you do not know what old reviewing hands know, by the people who wrote the book that the flap copy describes. Whether it has been written by the book's author or has not, flap copy is commonly an expression of the Platonic ideal of the book at hand rather than a reflection of that book's reality. I cannot recollect having read, ever, a sentence of flap copy that admitted to the merest imperfection in the book within. So no one believes flap copy, just as few people believe blurbs, and fewer people all the time believe reviews.

I have a Big Idea. My Big Idea is that flap copy henceforth be written by the people who now write blurbs. Instead of a few adjectives like "brilliant . . . remarkable . . . masterful . . . original . . . inventive and beautiful," the booster will have three hundred and more words to introduce what he admires. He will have space, or the publisher will make space, to identify his connection with the writer he endorses (association, after all, is no crime). And such a length will afford an opportunity to justify with dignity rather than commercial hype an enthusiastic introduction.

Forced to justify enthusiasm, many blurbsters will fall by the wayside, and no loss to you or to me. Because fewer blurbs will be used, fewer will be called for, reducing the claims upon the time of the generous. Useful things may be said within 300 words, and reservations may be expressed. Everyone will benefit: the writer will have a serious judgment of his serious work, the reader will know the association between the writer and his book's promoter, and truth will regain some slight purchase upon generosity.

But the Kingdom of Heaven is not on earth, and I would not look next publishing season for the expression of my Big Idea. So I have a few little ideas: That publishers stop calling upon writers to endorse the work of already celebrated writers (Saul Bellow doesn't need John Cheever to help sell his books). That, whenever possible, strangers be solicited for blurbs (the editor who suggested this piece also advanced the intriguing notion that books be sent anonymously for endorsement, which would as a practical consequence write finish to the writing of blurbs). That iron laws of predictability be abandoned and that cookbooks be offered to environmentalists for their judgment (a civilian friend, and someone who has written with great skill and in great quantity about soldiers and Vietnam, has been so many times solicited for comments about his putative specialty that he recently yelled his exasperation into a telephone: "I'm not a colonel anymore, goddammit, I'm a *retired* colonel!").

As it is, blurbs are an abomination for everyone. Editors usually solicit them, and are sometimes misled by them. A book is bought because someone believes in it. That someone, that editor, then requests support for his opinion, and sometimes gets more than he bargained for. Like you and me, an editor may be hornswoggled by hyperbolic praise into overselling his book to his own colleagues, overprinting it and overadvertising it. When the world reveals its want of comity with the author's (or the editor's, or the agent's) friends and debtors, a hard fall may be heard in the jungle. The blurbs have so sold the writer that he cries for more advertising, and when he does not get it he prepares to drift along to a rival publisher. Who welcomes him. (Those wonderful blurbs, you see.) As the editor, hoist by the device of his own seductions, bids him good riddance. (All those remaindered books, so "brilliant . . . remarkable . . . inventive . . . unique . . . ")

More Disneyfied mice—what would Walt have said?

To most of us, mice are those pesky creatures who cause conniptions in elephants and spinsters, donate their bodies to carcinogenic research, and get their necks broken in the better mousetraps. To children they're the gerbil's wilder cousins, who famously ran up and down the clock and were detailed by the farmer's wife. And to ecclesiastical historians they were the 10th-century agents of divine retribution who devoured the evil German Archbishop Hatto, as memorialized in a poem by Robert Southey: "They have whetted their teeth against the stones./And now they are picking the bishop's bones;/They gnawed the flesh from every limb,/For they were sent to do judgment on him."

The most popular mouse in the world is far more benign—though when first seen, in 1928, he did betray a streak of playful sadism that had him torturing cats and tugging energetically on a cow's teats. As time passed, Mickey Mouse renounced sadism for sweetness (it's the price of stardom) and bore less and less resemblance to anything mousical. No fur, hardly any snout, cute balloon ears, short pants, oversized shoes and three-fingered gloves! Mickey may be the only mouse, even in that surreal estate known as cartoonland, who ever owned a dog. Then there was his girlfriend, the equally adorable Minnie. Adorable to most, that is. In Harvey Kurtzman's devastating *Mad* comic-book parody "Mickey Rodent," a character named Darnold Duck muses that "Somehow the idea of a mouse, with lipstick and eyelashes and a dress with high-heeled shoes; a mouse, ten times bigger than the biggest rat—this idea has always made me sick!"

Few moviegoers, aged six or sixty, consider the anatomical imperatives when watching a Disney cartoon. Who notices or cares (as Kurtzman did) that only Pluto has been denied the gift of speech, or that Donald Duck's sailor outfit is missing the regulation pants? Who stops to wonder what a halfway funhouse of anthropomorphism the cartoon genre is, with its animals who act like people—except when they act like animals? It's this special status that freed Disney (and, even more so, those zanies at Warner Bros. who turned the animated movie screen into a Theater of Absurd Cruelty) to dazzle us with the limitless possibilities of movement and sound in film. Those critics of the thirties who called Disney the most important and inventive filmmaker of his time weren't misplacing their enthusiasm or their judgment; neither are the young revisionists who today study Tex Avery cartoons as if they're Linear B.

Serious pop-sociologists (like Richard Schickel, who's written the only scrupulous biography of the Disney studio) often have trouble accepting the semi-abstract, wholly hilarious joys offered by animated cartoons. There's a lot of grumbling about Disney's hold on kids, as if they should be off at ballet school, or at home solving trig problems. And there's the suggestion that Walt Disney's remarkable success as a businessman somehow disqualified him as an artist. We know, of course, that the most successful businessman-artist of all time was Picasso, who at his death left assets of $1.1 *billion*. But Picasso at least painted or drew or constructed the work he signed; Disney was incapable of drawing his famous signature. It's even inexact to call him the director of his films; in Hollywood terms, he was a creative producer. He created a universe, a creed and a production line, within whose limits his artists were free to contribute their own talents.

Disney's achievement sets him firmly in the tradition of the American

Heroes and villians: as frightening as a frayed Teddy Bear

visionary entrepreneur, right up there with Henry Ford and Henry Luce; and it places the Disney draftsmen somewhere between the anonymous artisans of Chartres and the painters of motel-room landscapes. It also helps explain why the Disney studio stagnated into formula within a decade of its first feature-film success (*Snow White*), and why the formula endures today, more than a decade after Unca Walt's final trip into Tomorrowland. Though his son-in-law, Ron Miller, is now the executive producer of the studio's films and TV shows, Walt Disney is their true posthumous auteur. Once his artists wondered apprehensively, "What will Walt say?"; now they must worry, "What would Walt have said?"

The Rescuers, the third animated feature made since Disney's death, is a sprightly, good-natured and very free adaptation of Margery Sharp's "Miss Bianca" stories. (Why do moviemakers believe that the better known or loved a book series is, the more liberties one can take in transferring it to the screen? *Cf.* Ian Fleming, Agatha Christie.) In her three books—*The Rescuers*, *Miss Bianca* and *The Turret*—Sharp went Disney one better: her characters are always human *and* always mice. Her heroine is a plucky, aristocratic white mouse, who is encouraged by the Mouse Prisoners' Aid Society to leave her pink silk sheets and her Porcelain Pagoda in a London embassy to set forth on breathless adventures rescuing Norwegian poets, put-upon orphans and even repentant jailers. Miss Bianca is very much a lady, and very much a snob ("I didn't so much mind the perils," says she, recollecting her triumphs, "it was the *society* one was forced into!"), but that is part of her charm for the stolid, courageous pantry-mouse Bernard.

The books are full of memorable minor characters: the games-mistress mouse who wears a gym slip to MPAS meetings; the unspeakably wicked Duchess who keeps a retinue of clockwork ladies-in-waiting; the evil, dull-witted prison warden whose only reading material is a pamphlet entitled *Cure Your Own Corns*. All have distinctive personal voices—the kind to delight a nine-year-old working her way through her first "grown-up" book, or to test the theatrical skills of any parent who loves to read to his kids. And the line drawings by Garth (*Charlotte's Web*) Williams elegantly underline the beauty, the poignancy, the very mouseness of Sharp's tales.

Ideal fodder for a Disney film, you'd think. (On second thought, why not just leave it alone? It's perfect in its own form.) But no. Bernard and Miss Bianca must be pasteurized, sanitized, homogenized—Disneyfied. He is still a commoner, she a lady; but this distance, which the books kept sacred, must be breached in Hollywood mythology. So to make them equal in this blandest of all possible worlds, Miss Bianca is stripped of her coquettish hauteur, and Bernard is given a shtick: his incurable superstition. Even the villains are stripped of their malefic majesty. Sharp's desiccated Duchess in her diamond palace might once have earned a place in the gallery of Disney stepmother-witches; but impressing children with the cold power of evil no longer interests the Disney people, and *The Rescuers*' Medusa is demoted to a Broom Hilda stereotype out of late Bette Davis movies. Now she's the owner of Medusa's Pawnshop Boutique (okay, that's a nice touch) and a cutesy-foo kidnapper on the side. The kidnappee is a lovely, lisping, blond gamine named Penny who runs away from her orphanage because, we are to believe, no one will adopt her! And the Prisoner's Aid Society has been depoliticized into the Rescue Aid Society; we can't have children thinking that mice give solace to the likes of George Jackson and Timothy Leary.

Having wisely chosen a story whose heroes are nonhuman (and thus much easier to draw convincingly), the Disney animators were free to work in the style their studio perfected. The mice, though they lack the grace and moral weight suggested by Williams' illustrations, move amusingly and—a Disney law—always in character. And a couple of supporting players, both in the role of pilots, do comic turns that outshine the stars: Orville, an antiquated albatross who runs a charter flight from New York's Pan Am building to Devil's Bayou, Louisiana; and Evinrude, a dragonfly who guides our hero and heroine into and out of Madame Medusa's clutches. Neither character appears in the books, but they're very much in the style of comic characters from the great early Disney features; and Evinrude bears close similarities to Tex Avery's varmint insects in the Raid commercials.

But what do these players support? A narrative structure as intricate as any medieval cathedral, but spun of stale cotton candy, and ornamented with gargoyles as frightening as a frayed Teddy Bear. Old Walt—when he was Young Walt, supervising *Snow White* and *Pinocchio* and *Dumbo*—knew better how to get to kids: scare them with nightmares, and then touch them awake with a lullaby that says "Everything's all right." It's a formula, too. But, coupled with the corporate artistry he encouraged, it helped millions of us through childhood, and can move us still today when we see those old films. It's a formula Disney's children keep demanding, but his son-in-law ignores.

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Final Tribute

"Pick your enemies carefully or you'll never make it in Los Angeles," Rona Barrett once advised writer Blair Sabol: Ubiquitous agent Sue Mengers lectured Sabol and myself on separate occasions: "Rex Reed came out here to write hatchet jobs until no one would take his calls, so he had to go back and become a film critic." Seeing my astonishment—Rex Reed thinks he is one of Mengers' closer friends—she hurriedly amended: "I mean, he was accepted by *the community*, but only after he wrote a few good pieces."

Celebrity journalism takes place in living color, but increasingly, "the community's" view of it is black-and-white. Mengers' read-out on the print media is right on the money: so far as "the community" is concerned, reportage breaks down neatly into "nice pieces" and "hatchet jobs."

Once, celebrity journalism was unpretentious. *Photoplay* and *Silverscreen* would dispatch faceless, unlettered persons with ethnic surnames to muse on Tony Curtis' latest haircut, James Dean's oldest motorcycle, Debbie Reynolds' newest baby; then Truman Capote and Lillian Ross, at the *New Yorker*, decided there was more than dross in the Hollywood Hills; Capote gave us Brando, sweat and tears; Ross gave us Hemingway as Bellyful and Louis B. Mayer as Warthog; then *Esquire* legitimized Celeb Journalism and the *Village Voice* and *New York* gave it a feminine, bitchy voice; in the end, *Rolling Stone* took it its ultimate mile: 7,000 words on Bob Dylan's garbage.

Well, all of that was fine for a while, but in 1977 we're back to reality. "Most journalism in Hollywood is pure puffery," says *Los Angeles Times* assistant arts editor Wayne Warga, without blushing.

It's difficult to work in Hollywood without being compromised—or at least sorely tempted by the opportunities. Every assignment begins the same way: with a tacit understanding between journalist and subject that for the duration of the story they're friends. The first time I did a piece, this process was unknown to me. I thought I was there to unravel the Byzantine story of Jon Peters' coming-to-power in the Barbra Streisand remake of *A Star Is Born*. I went up to Peters' Malibu ranch. As he walked me through the garden that Barbra had planted for him, Peters began by suggesting that if this piece worked out well I could become the official Streisand-Peters chronicler and tell their continuing story in *McCall's*, *Redbook* and *Playboy*. A month later, when, as we had agreed, I showed him his quotes, Peters threatened me with a lawsuit that would set a record for damages.

A few months later, Tom Laughlin was passing our interview time by reminding me that *Billy Jack* magazine was his next fantasy and that I might get the nod to edit this prestigious journal. That is, after I finished the script he wanted me to write. But even before that article was finished, the moody Laughlin was kneading the bones of my neck as if determining how much pressure it would take to shatter them. When my piece appeared he phoned to say: "Whatever it takes to get you, I'll do it."

TOM LAUGHLIN FROM UPI; ARROW: THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

When I asked *New West* film critic Steven Farber if he'd ever been threatened with extinction, he couldn't have been more bored. "Yes, the director and editor of *Jaws* did say something like that after my piece in the *New York Times*, but I knew it didn't mean anything."

And he's right: it's just idle bluster. After all, it's not like the east coast, where journalists can expose government abuse or even topple a government. Celebrity journalism usually happens in Hollywood, where even the hatchet jobs, in the larger order of things, hardly stir a palm frond. Jon Peters' version of *A Star Is Born* was made, and Tom Laughlin enjoyed a year of grace after my piece was published, making ever more grandiose plans for his media empire. Granted, after Andy Tobias' devastation of producer Frank Yablans, which preceded Yablans' firing by scant weeks, the Hollywood soothsayers declared Yablans out for the count. But Yablans picked himself up, produced *Silver Streak* (gross to date: $40 million), and inspired a wave of articles about his rise from the tomb.

In the cosmic order of things, whether Frank Yablans produces a $40-million triumph hardly seems like high-stakes action, but only the failures in Hollywood invoke the cosmic order; like the Old Hollywood, the new kids in town are delighted to witness the restoration of a Frank Yablans, as if his comeback preserves a kind of natural balance. It is bad form to question whether their world is worth preserving.

God knows the players certainly don't. Locked into the mind-set of survival at any cost, they are even prepared to love their detractors. Paradoxically, the correct response to a hatchet job can be masochistic. Not long ago, Julie Baumgold profiled Bob Evans in *New West*, and though her Stahr-like portrayal of a man whose career flourished in spite of his inability to produce a satisfying relationship was a dizzying portrait of Hollywood disconnection; it was intended to show Hollywood's last Fitzgerald character at his best. To many readers, the vision of Evans alone in bed with his Valium and caviar was more than disconcerting. But Evans was pleased. He ordered 26 copies of the magazine.

Evans was right. Today, the most laudatory and vitriolic articles have the same effect: a confirmation of the subject's importance, an ironic validation that in celebrity journalism the most important of the writer's tasks is making sure the names are spelled right. What is written, in the long run, is less important than that *something* was written. All the reader is assumed to retain is the impression that the subject is that uniquely American aristocrat, the bona fide celebrity. What the celebrity did to win our attention, how he or she intends to hold on to it—those are niceties, of no real significance. And with the convertible top down, the radio playing an unbroken string of Southern California hits, the sky over San Vicente Boulevard a mind-stopping blue, the role of watcher-at-the-gates even takes on a certain logic.

No one really cares anymore. ●

1977 New York City Marathon Official Program

CIRCULATION 100,000

Advertising Rates

Black and White	
Full page	$2000
Two columns	1500
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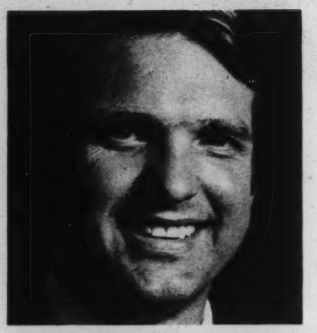
Program goes on sale October 11, 1977. The five borough New York City Marathon will be held on Sunday, October 23, 1977.

Final closing date for advertising material: September 16, 1977.

The Program will be printed by web offset. Binding is saddle stitch. Standard AAAA/MPA Joint Committee specifications apply.

For a comprehensive listing of mechanical specifications and copy and contract regulations, refer to Standard Rate & Data's "Print Media Production Data" under NEW TIMES.



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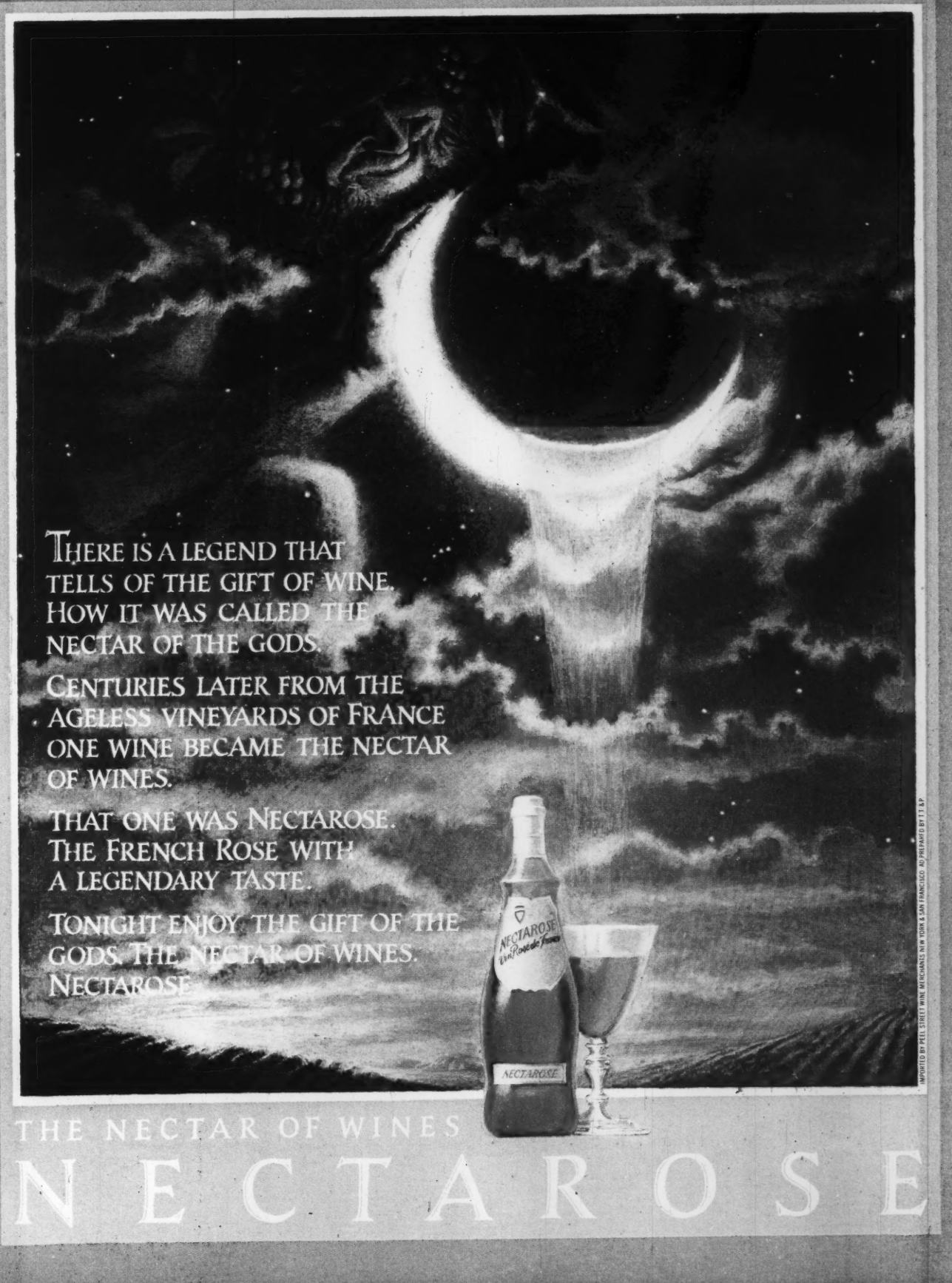
THERE IS A LEGEND THAT TELLS OF THE GIFT OF WINE. HOW IT WAS CALLED THE NECTAR OF THE GODS.
CENTURIES LATER FROM THE AGELESS VINEYARDS OF FRANCE ONE WINE BECAME THE NECTAR OF WINES.
THAT ONE WAS NECTAROSE. THE FRENCH ROSE WITH A LEGENDARY TASTE.
TONIGHT ENJOY THE GIFT OF THE GODS. THE NECTAR OF WINES. NECTAROSE.
NECTAROSE
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THE NECTAR OF WINES
NECTAROSE

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